

APRIL, 1937

# *Detective* **COMICS**

10¢



CARL  
FLESSL



-AND IF YOU LIKE  
**REAL GOOD COMIC  
MAGAZINES LIKE  
THIS ONE - READ  
MORE FUN AND  
NEW ADVENTURE  
COMICS !!**  
THEY'RE SWELL !!!



**10¢**  
**AT ALL  
NEWS  
STANDS**

APRIL, 1937

# **Detective COMICS**

VOL. I No. 2

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

*Editor and Publisher*

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

*Associate Editors*

Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 432 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editorial Office, 432 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Second class entry pending at post-office, St. Louis, Mo., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates, 12 issues in the United States, its possessions, and Mexico, South America and Spain—\$1.00; elsewhere, \$2.00. Single copies 10 cents (in Canada, 15 cents). The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited drawings, though due care will be exercised in handling them. All drawings must be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return, and the publisher cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning unsolicited material. Contents of this magazine may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the permission, in writing, of the publisher. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1937, Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address:

New York—19 West 44th St.  
Boston—18 Tremont St.

GILMAN, NICOLL & RUTHMAN  
Detroit—New Center Bldg.  
San Francisco—525 Market St.  
Chicago—400 N. Michigan Ave.

Seattle—1326 Fifth Ave.  
Philadelphia—1016 N. 64th St.



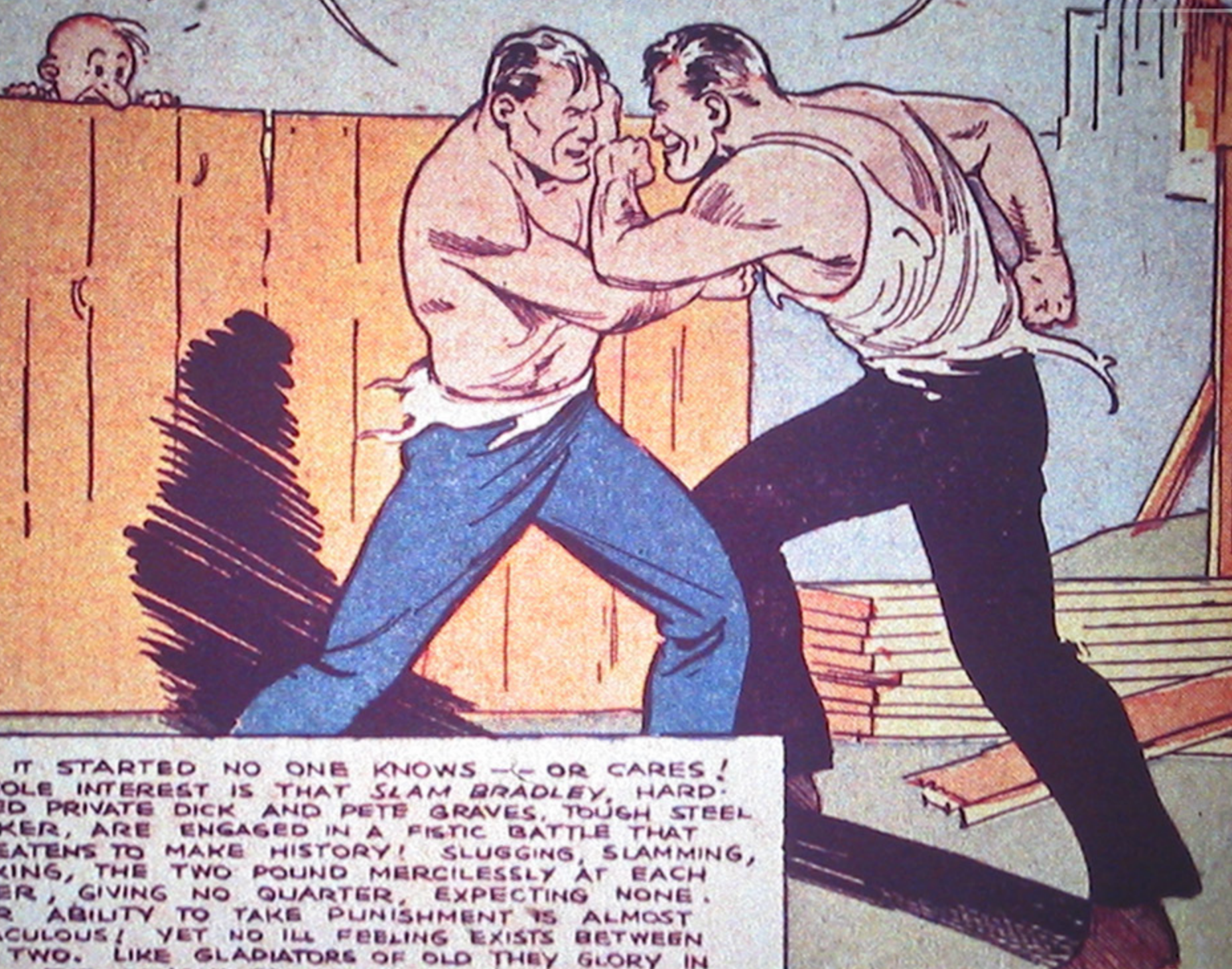
# SLAM

## BRADLEY

by  
JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

SAY! YOU'RE  
PRETTY GOOD!

YOU'RE NOT  
SO BAD  
YOURSELF!



HOW IT STARTED NO ONE KNOWS — OR CARES! OF SOLE INTEREST IS THAT SLAM BRADLEY, HARD-BOILED PRIVATE DICK AND PETE GRAVES, TOUGH STEEL WORKER, ARE ENGAGED IN A FISTIC BATTLE THAT THREATENS TO MAKE HISTORY! SLUGGING, SLAMMING, SOCKING, THE TWO POUND MERCILESSLY AT EACH OTHER, GIVING NO QUARTER, EXPECTING NONE. THEIR ABILITY TO TAKE PUNISHMENT IS ALMOST MIRACULOUS! YET NO ILL FEBLING EXISTS BETWEEN THE TWO. LIKE GLADIATORS OF OLD THEY GLORY IN THE COMBAT FOR SHEER LOVE OF BATTLE!



A SWIFT, CLEAN BLOW FROM SLAM AND THE FIGHT IS OVER. PETE IS DOWN -- TO STAY!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE, SLAM! BUT NEXT TIME WE SCRAP I'LL BE ASKING YOU THAT QUESTION!

LATER, SLAM IS HALTED BY A SMALL ARMY OF COPS LED BY SERGEANT KELLY.

WHERE'S THE PARADE?

IT'S FOR YOU, SLAM! WE'RE TO TAKE YOU TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING, -- PETE GRAVES HAS BEEN MURDERED!

WHEN HEADQUARTERS IS REACHED...

I'M SORRY, SLAM. IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU!

BUT SURELY, COMMISSIONER, YOU DON'T SUSPECT ME? PETE AND I WERE ONLY HAVING A FRIENDLY BOUT.

CONGRATULATIONS, COMMISSIONER! SO YOU'VE ALREADY FOUND THE COWARD WHO SHOT DOWN MY CLIENT IN COLD BLOOD!

YOU CAN'T -- AW-WK!

OH, CAN'T I?

YOU'LL ANSWER TO CHARGES OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY, TOO!!

BEAT IT, BEFORE I REALLY GET TO WORK ON YOU!

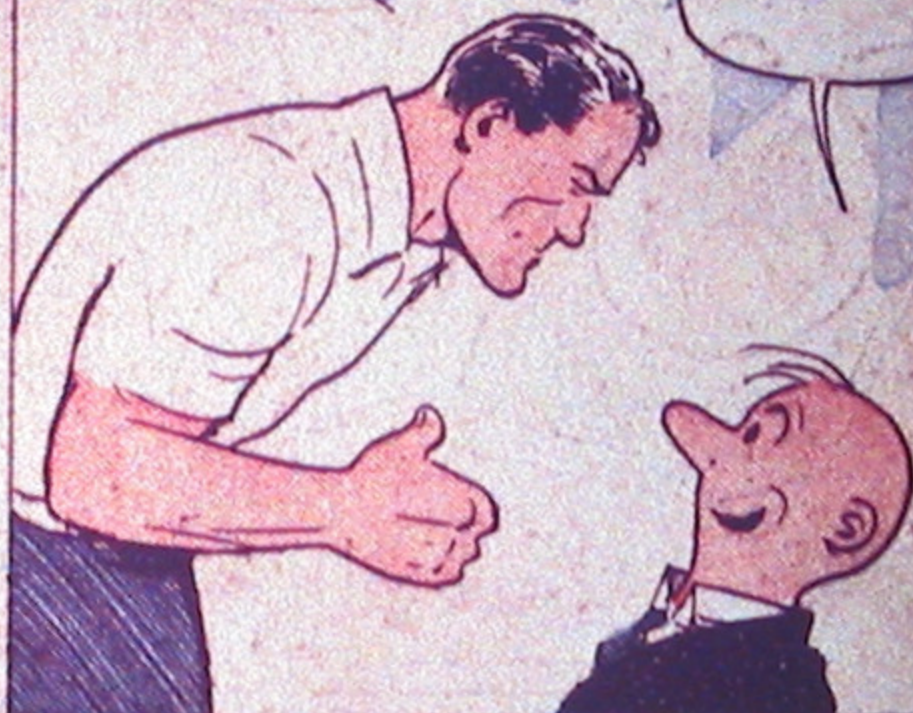


HEY! WHAT'S THE  
IDEA OF ARRESTIN'  
MY PAL? -- IF  
YOU THINK HE'S  
GUILTY OF MURDER,  
**YOU'RE CRAZY!**

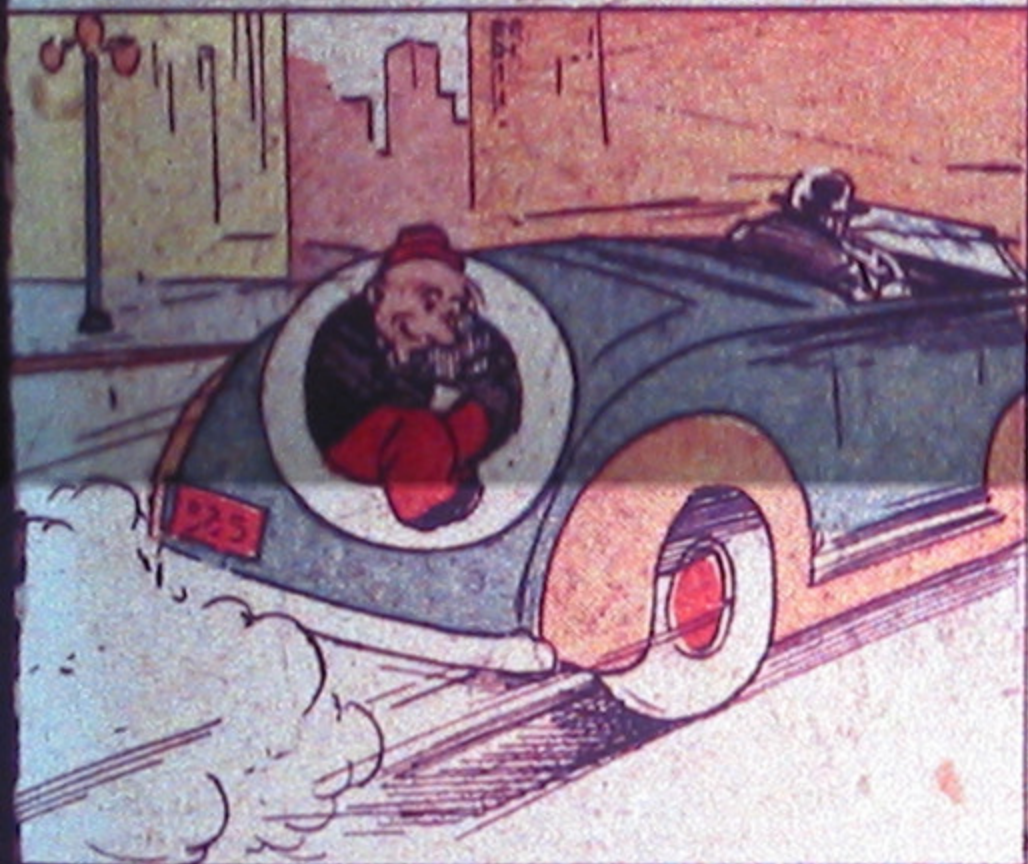


THAT LAWYER I JUST  
TOSSED OUT-- TAIL HIM!  
I DON'T LIKE HIS  
LOOKS!

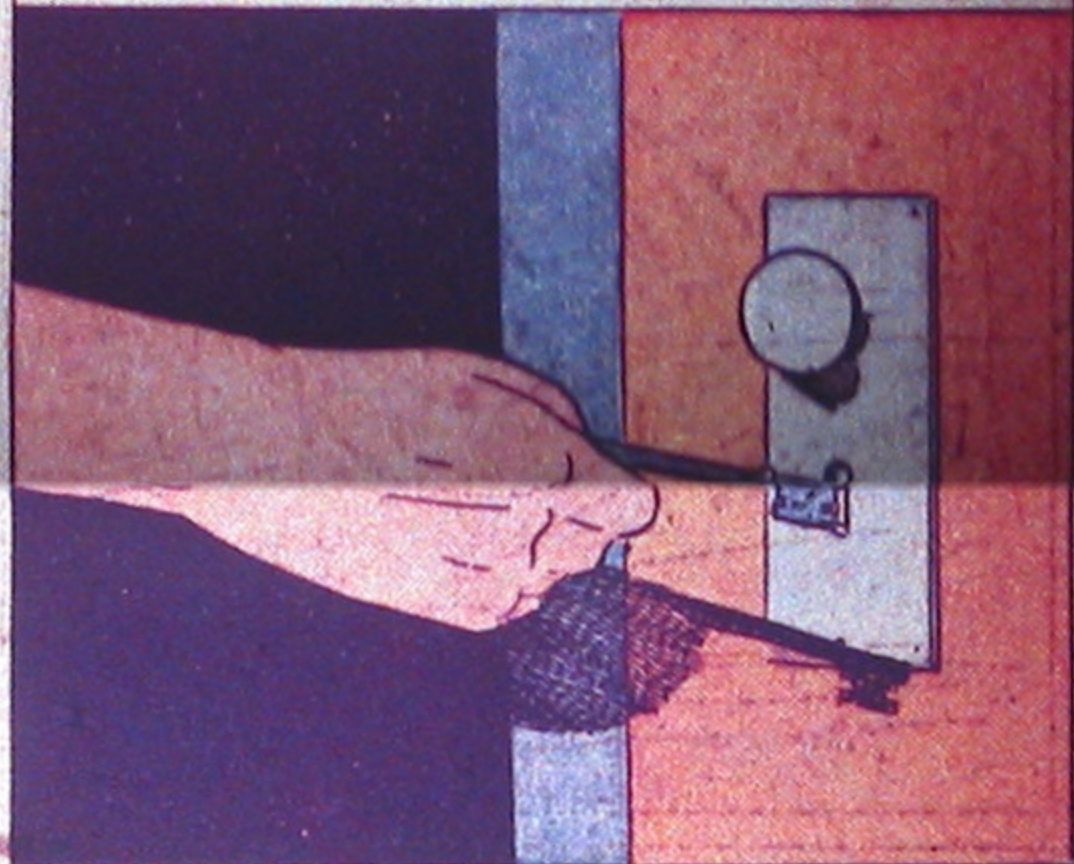
LEAVE IT  
TO ME!



SHORTY HANGS, UNSEEN, ONTO THE SPARE-TIRE  
OF THE DISGRUNTLED LAWYER'S CAR, AS  
HE DRIVES OFF



RELEASED BY THE POLICE, BUT WARNED, NOT  
TO LEAVE TOWN, SLAM RETURNS TO HIS  
APARTMENT. BUT AS HE OPENS THE DOOR--



-- HE IS THE STARTLED TARGET OF AN  
UNEXPECTED BURST OF GUN-FIRE!



THAT'S A  
DANGEROUS  
PASTIME,  
SISTER.

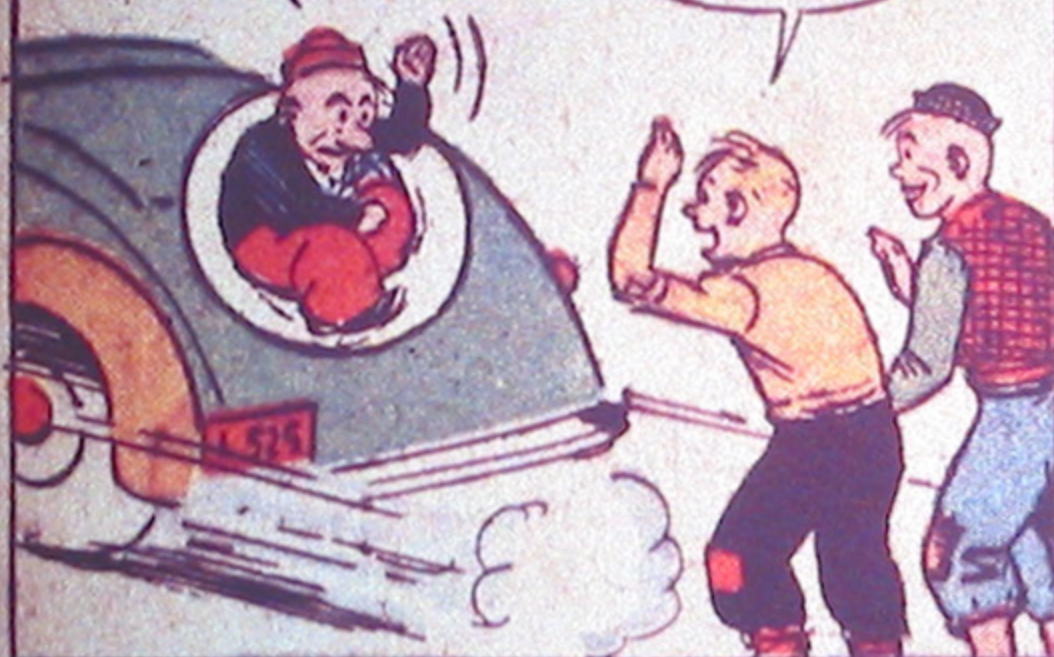




MEANWHILE — —

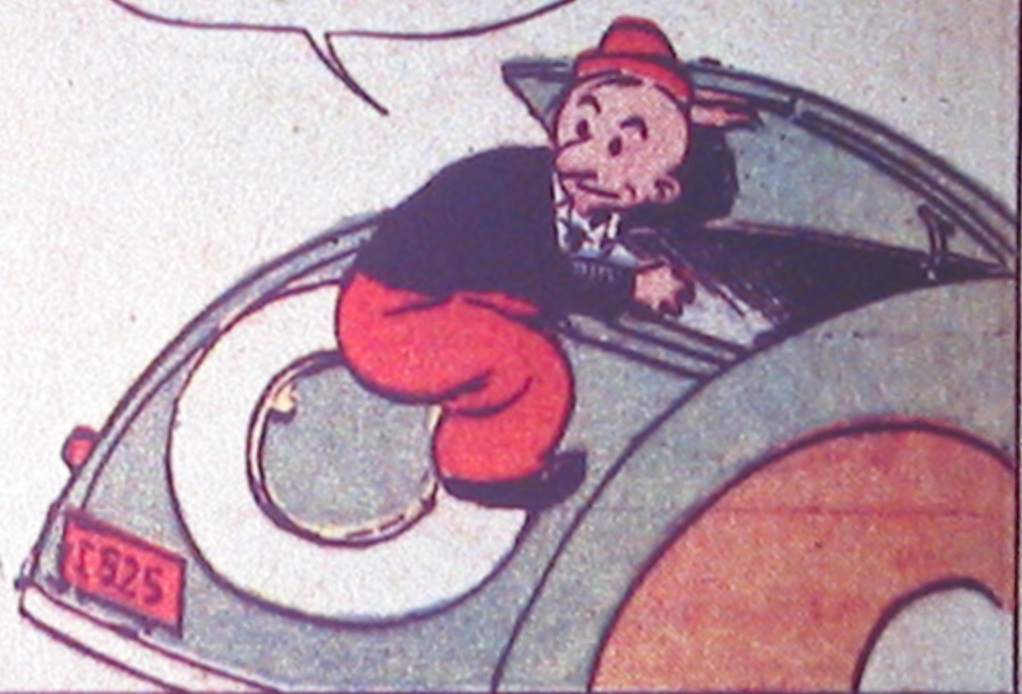
SCRAM, YOU  
KIDS! GO ON,  
SCRAM!

HA! HA!  
LOOK AT TH'  
CHEAD-SKATE  
HOOKIN' A  
RIDE!

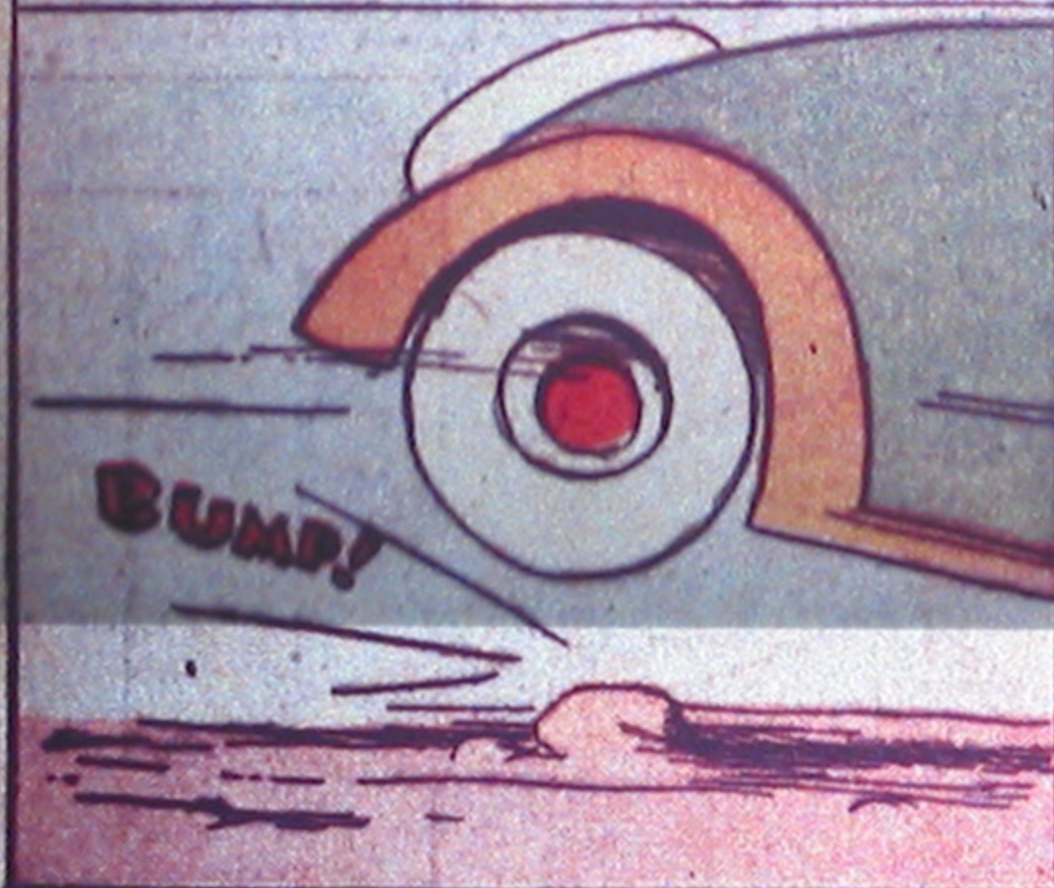


THE CAR STOPS! ITS OWNER GOES INSIDE  
A DRUG STORE FOR CIGARETTES

I'LL HIDE HERE  
IN THE RUMBLE  
SEAT WHERE I WON'T  
BE DETECTED



THE AUTO STARTS AGAIN. ALL'S WELL UNTIL  
SUDDENLY IT STRIKES A BUMP IN THE ROAD.



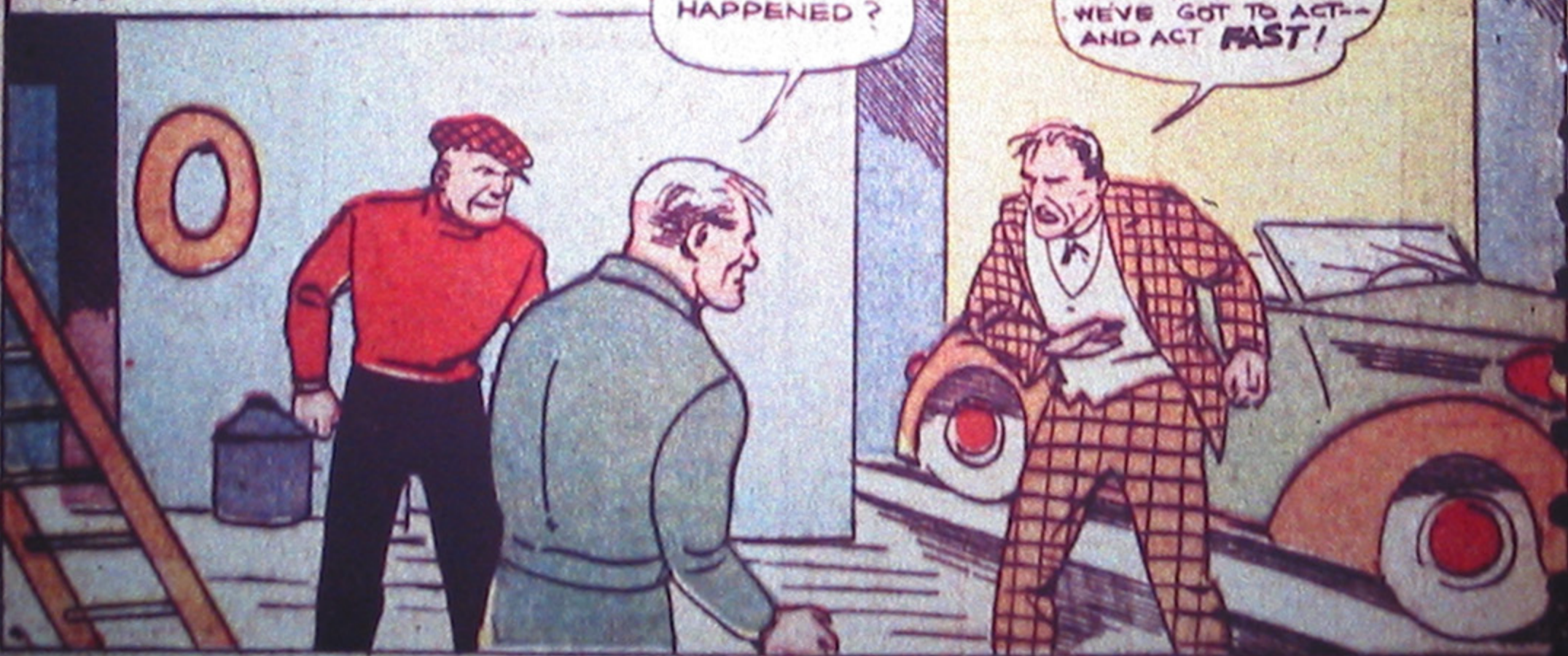
SHORTY IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS



THE CAR IS DRIVEN WITHIN A  
LARGE GARAGE WHERE IT IS MET  
BY A GROUP OF HARD-LOOKING MEN

WELL, WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

PLENTY!  
LISTEN, YOU BIRDS!  
WE'VE GOT TO ACT--  
AND ACT **FAST!**





THAT SLAM GUY IS TOUGH--  
AND CLEVER! HE'S LIABLE TO  
GET WISE WE'RE TRYIN' TO  
TERRORIZE STEEL WORKERS  
INTO JOINING OUR RACKET-  
EERING UNION! IF HE  
DOES... **WHAT'S THAT?**



SHORTY, WHO HAD BEEN GETTING AN EAR-  
FUL, WOULD HAVE TO SNEEZE AND GIVE  
AWAY HIS HIDING-PLACE AT A MOMENT  
LIKE THIS

W-WHO AM I?  
HOW DID I GET  
HERE?

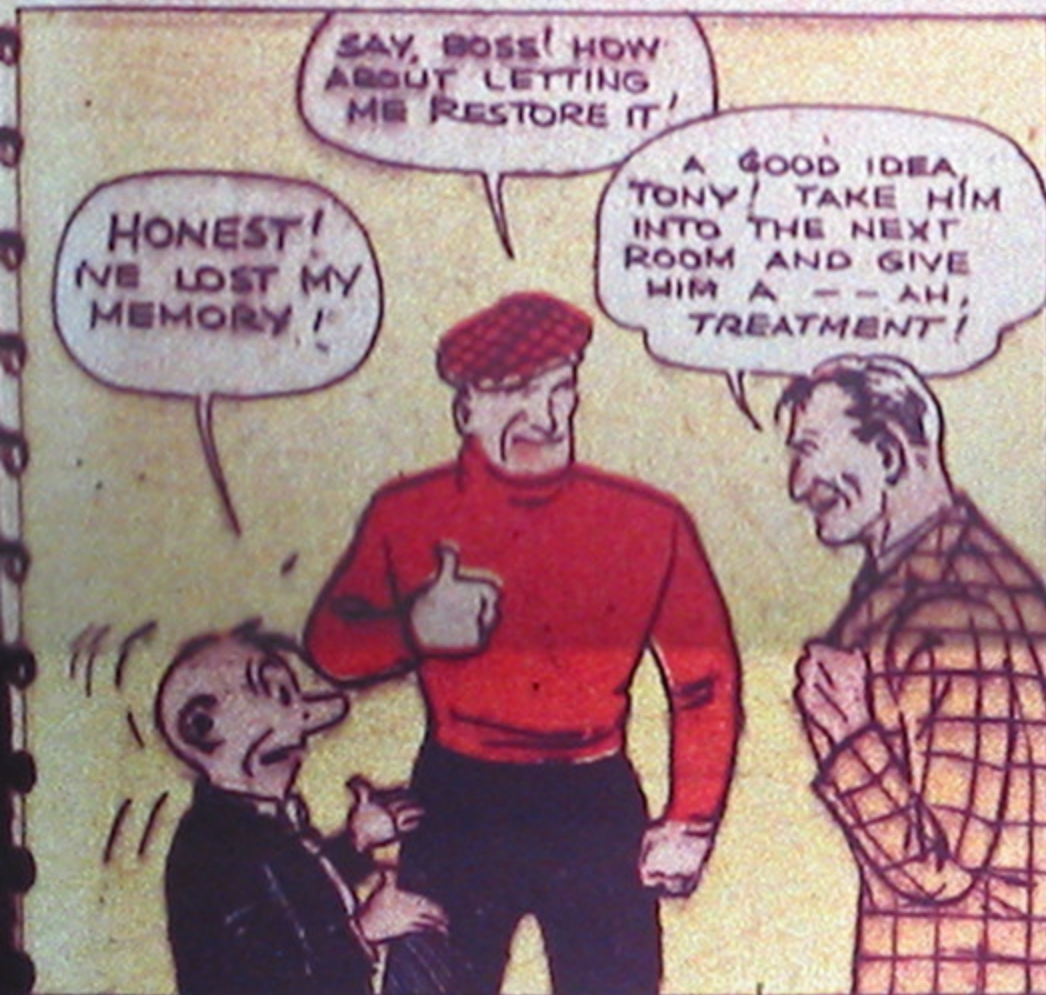
INNOCENT AS A  
BABE, AREN'T YOU?  
**COME ON! OUT  
WITH IT! WHO PUT  
YOU UP TO SPYIN'  
ON US?**



SAY, BOSS! HOW  
ABOUT LETTING  
ME RESTORE IT!

HONEST!  
I'VE LOST MY  
MEMORY!

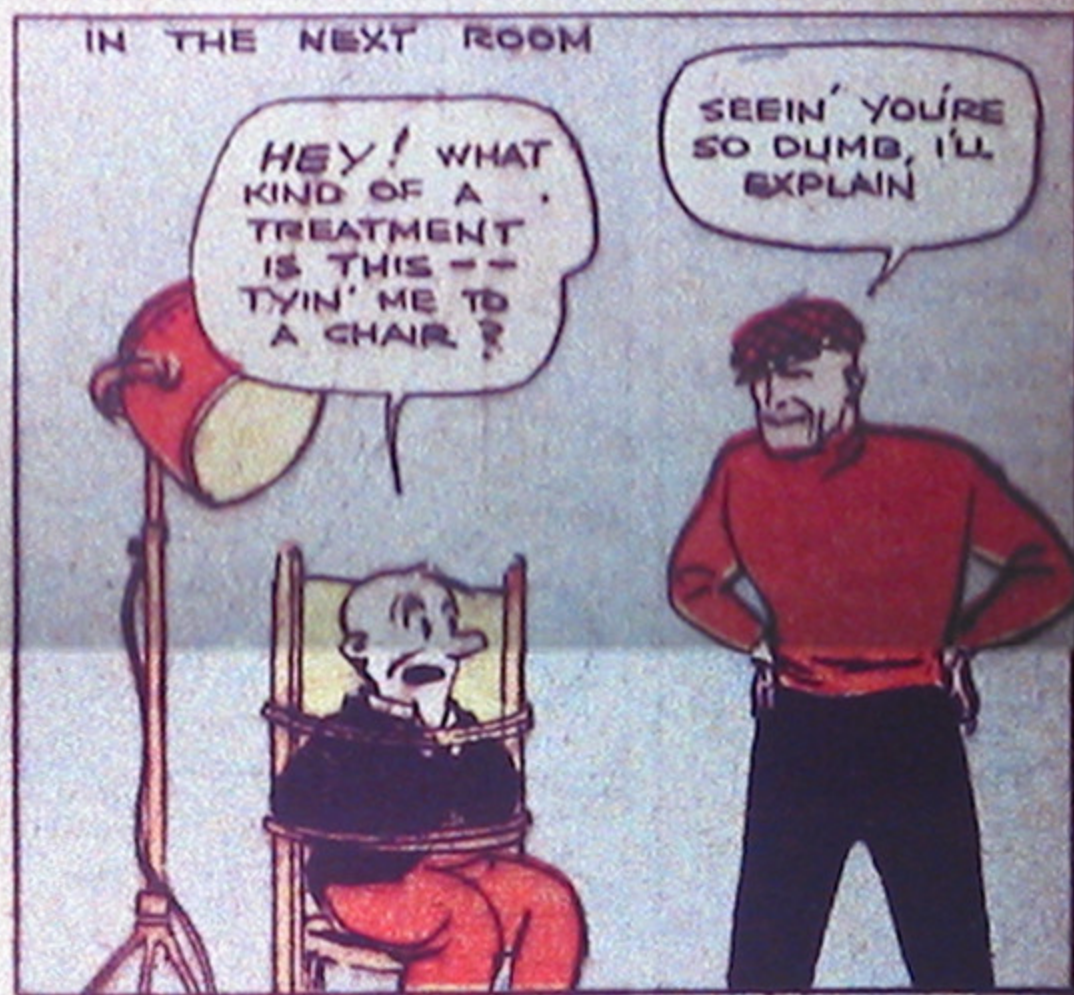
A GOOD IDEA,  
TONY! TAKE HIM  
INTO THE NEXT  
ROOM AND GIVE  
HIM A -- AH,  
TREATMENT!



IN THE NEXT ROOM

HEY! WHAT  
KIND OF A  
TREATMENT  
IS THIS --  
TYIN' ME TO  
A CHAIR?

SEEMIN' YOU'RE  
SO DUMB, I'LL  
EXPLAIN



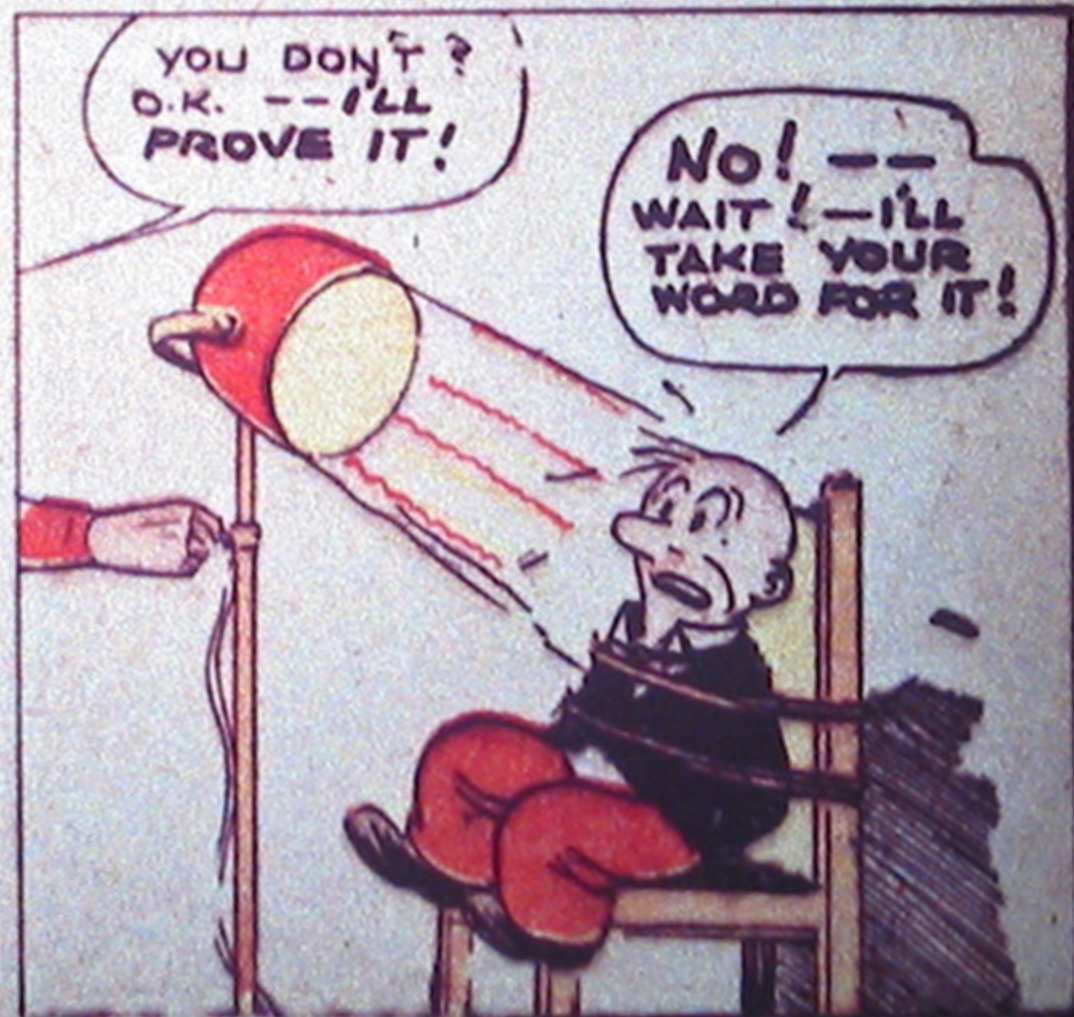
THIS IS YOUR HEAD--THIS  
IS A HEAT-LAMP --  
I TURN THE SWITCH --  
THE LAMP GOES ON --  
YOUR HEAD GETS HOT  
ENOUGH TO FRY AN  
EGG ON -- THEN,  
**YOU TALK!**

I--I CAN'T  
BELIEVE YOU'D  
DO IT!



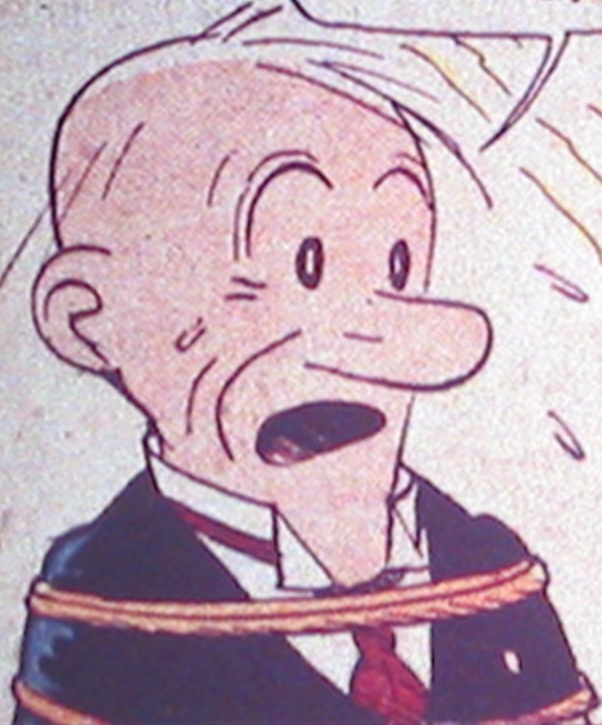
YOU DON'T?  
O.K. -- I'LL  
**PROVE IT!**

**NO! --  
WAIT! -- I'LL  
TAKE YOUR  
WORD FOR IT!**





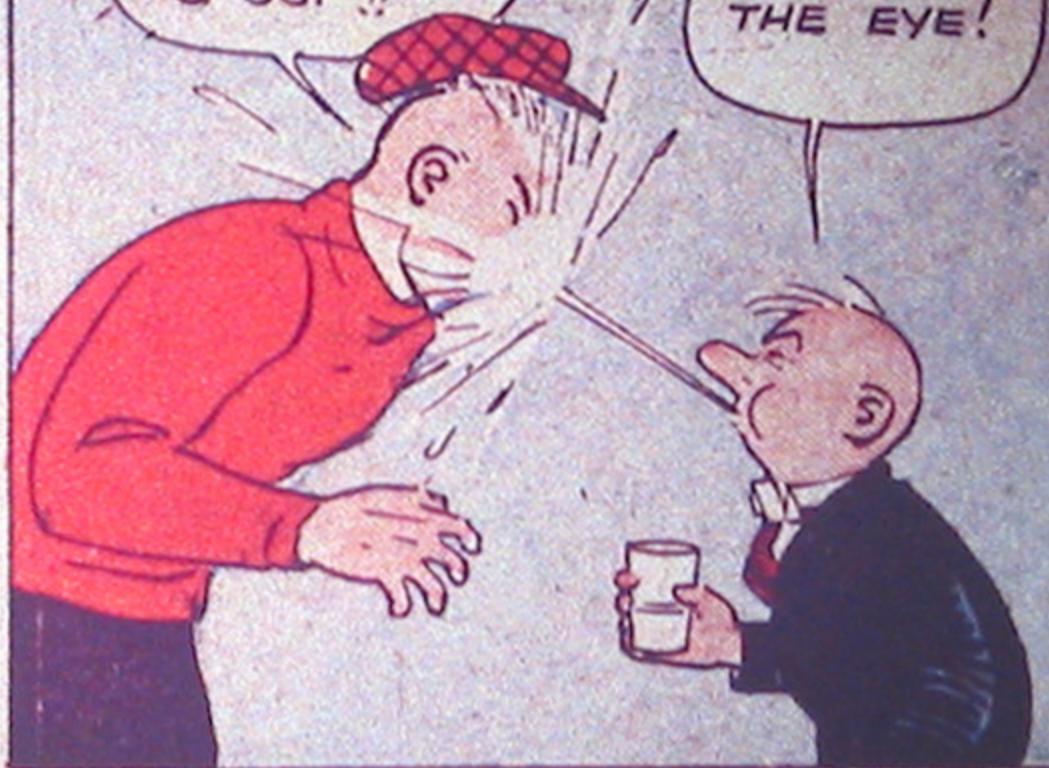
OUCH! HEY, THIS  
THING, IS BURNIN' ME  
ALIVE! LET ME LOOSE  
AND GIVE ME A  
GLASS OF WATER!  
**I'LL TALK!**



RELEASED, SHORTY PRETENDS TO DRINK THE  
WATER, THEN —

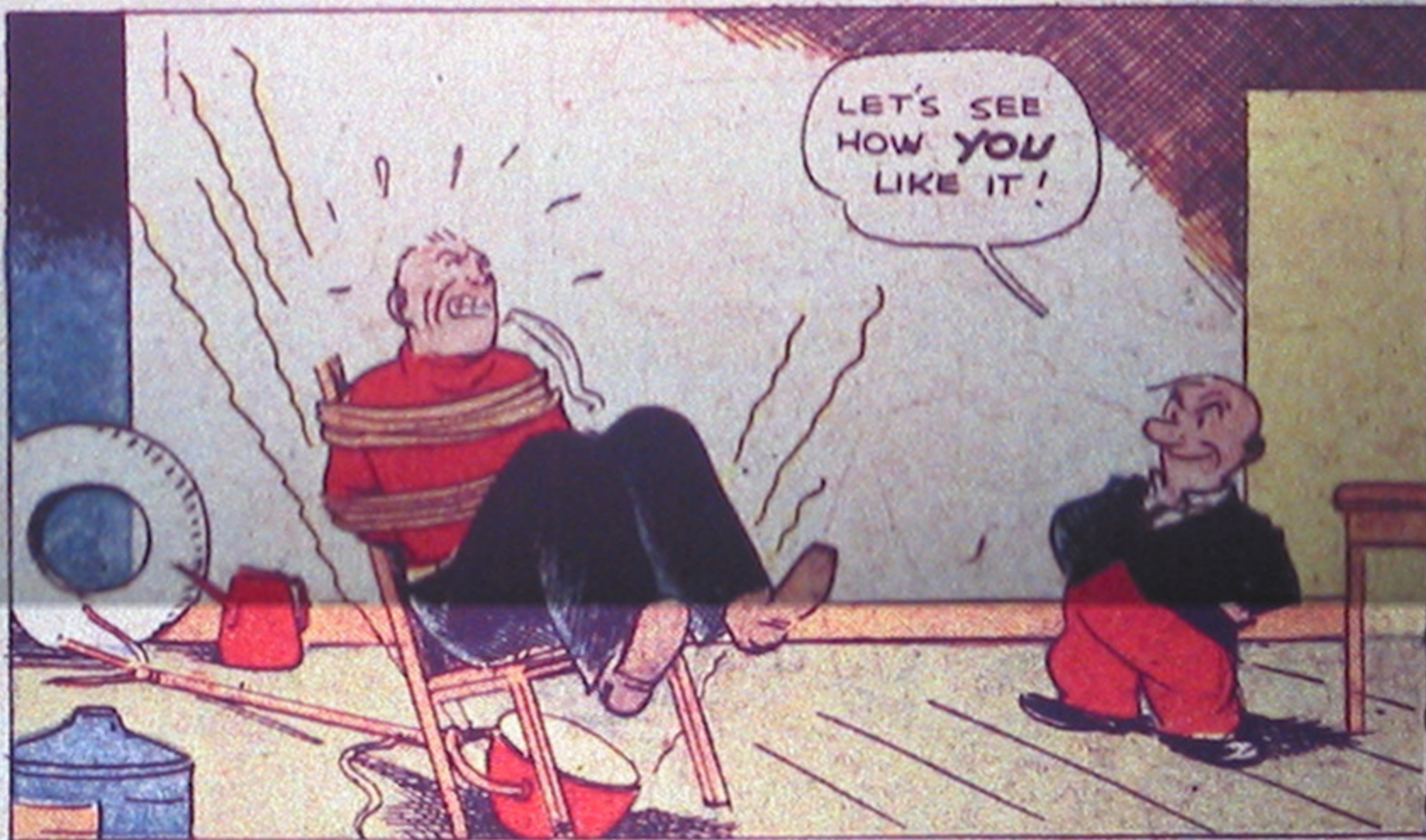
THAT ALWAYS  
MAKES 'EM —  
Q-OOF!!

RIGHT IN  
THE EYE!



WHILE TONY  
IS MOMENTARILY  
BUNDED BY  
THE WATER,  
SHORTY KNOCKS  
HIM UNCONSCIOUS,  
TIES  
HIM TO THE  
CHAIR, GAGS  
HIM, THEN  
PLACES THE  
HEAT-LAMP  
UNDER THE  
SEAT OF  
THE CHAIR

LET'S SEE  
HOW **YOU**  
LIKE IT!

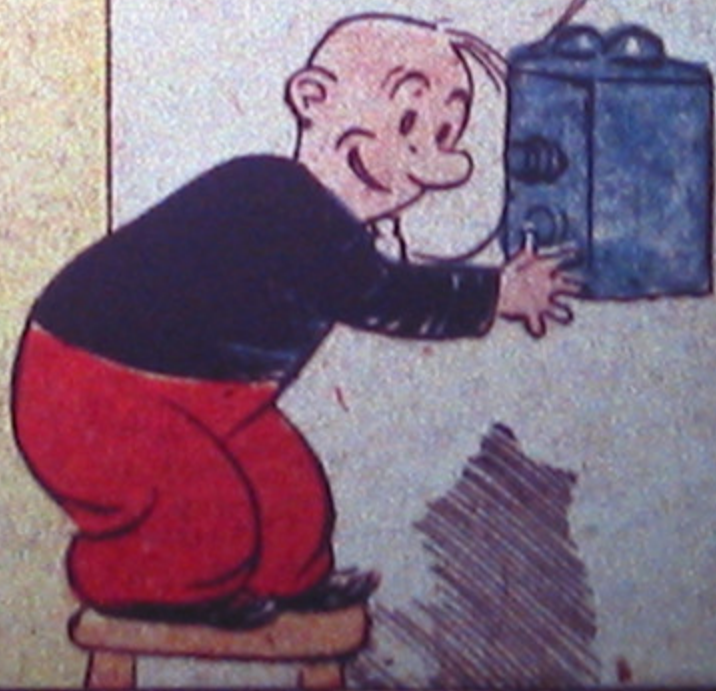


SHORTY FINDS A STRAY LETTER-HEAD

CHURCHILL GARAGE  
5323 SHAW ST  
... CITY ...

AH! —  
SO THAT'S  
WHERE I AM!

NOW TO CALL  
SLAM AND TIP  
HIM OFF TO ALL  
THAT'S HAPPENED.  
I HOPE HE'S AT  
HIS APARTMENT





A SWIFT SPRINT AND SLAM WRESTS THE GUN FROM THE GIRL'S GRIP!

GIVE ME THAT GUN!

SO YOU CAN KILL ME? NOTHING DOING!

LIFTING THE GIRL BODILY, SLAM SUSPENDS HER FROM A CLOTHES-HOOK!

WHY YOU... YOU...

I GUESS THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP YOU STILL, YOU LITTLE WILD-CAT! NOW, TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A GUN-MOLL TO ME

I'M BETTY, PETE GRAVES'S SISTER, YOU MURDERING SWINE! AND IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH HIS SLAYING, YOU'VE ANOTHER GUESS COMING!

I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW. BELIEVE ME, BETTY, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR BROTHER'S MURDER

YOU AREN'T FOOLING ME ONE BIT, SLAM BRADLEY! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU! YOU'RE A STUPID, BULLYING, FIGHTING FOOL, BUT THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!

SAY! YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT ME DOWN PAT!

SLAM'S PHONE RINGS

SHORTY! WHAT'S THAT ADDRESS AGAIN? GOOD!

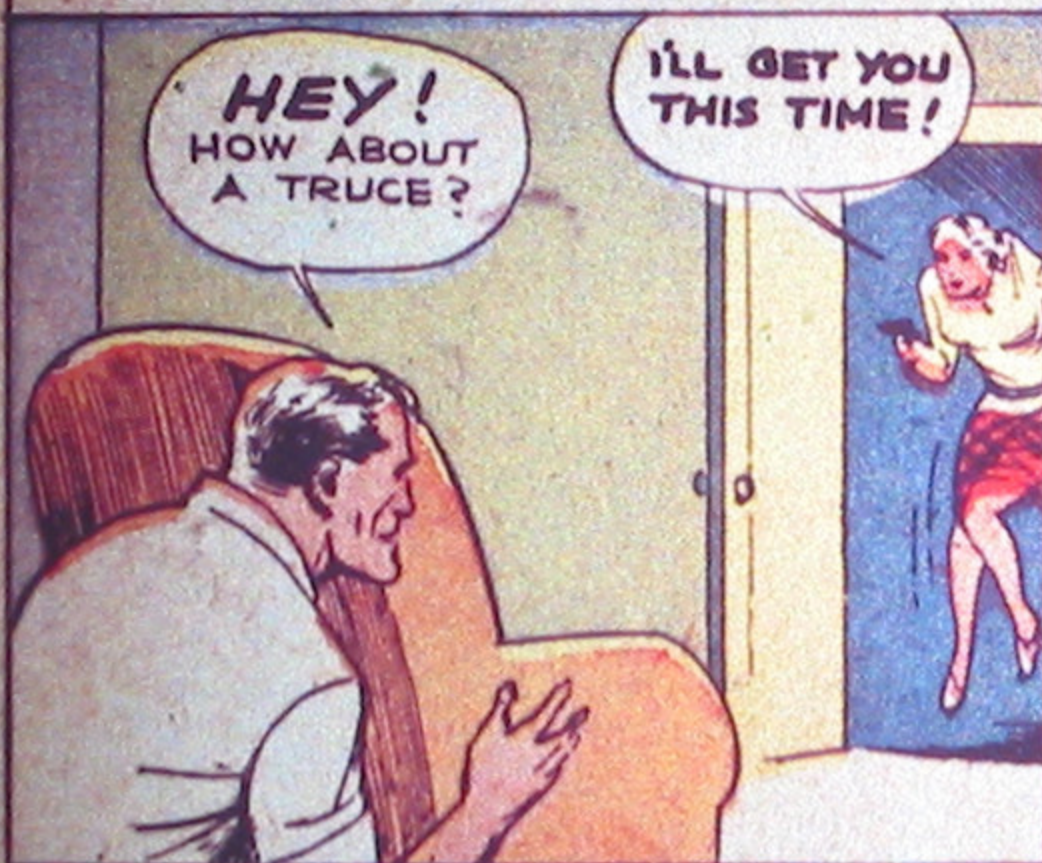
SLAM DOES NOT SEE BETTY PRODUCE A SECOND GUN HIDDEN IN HER DRESS AND POINT IT AT HIS BACK. SHE TAKES CAREFUL, DELIBERATE AIM -- THEN SLOWLY PULLS THE TRIGGER!

SLAM! SLAM! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? -- GOOD GOSH! HE DOESN'T ANSWER!

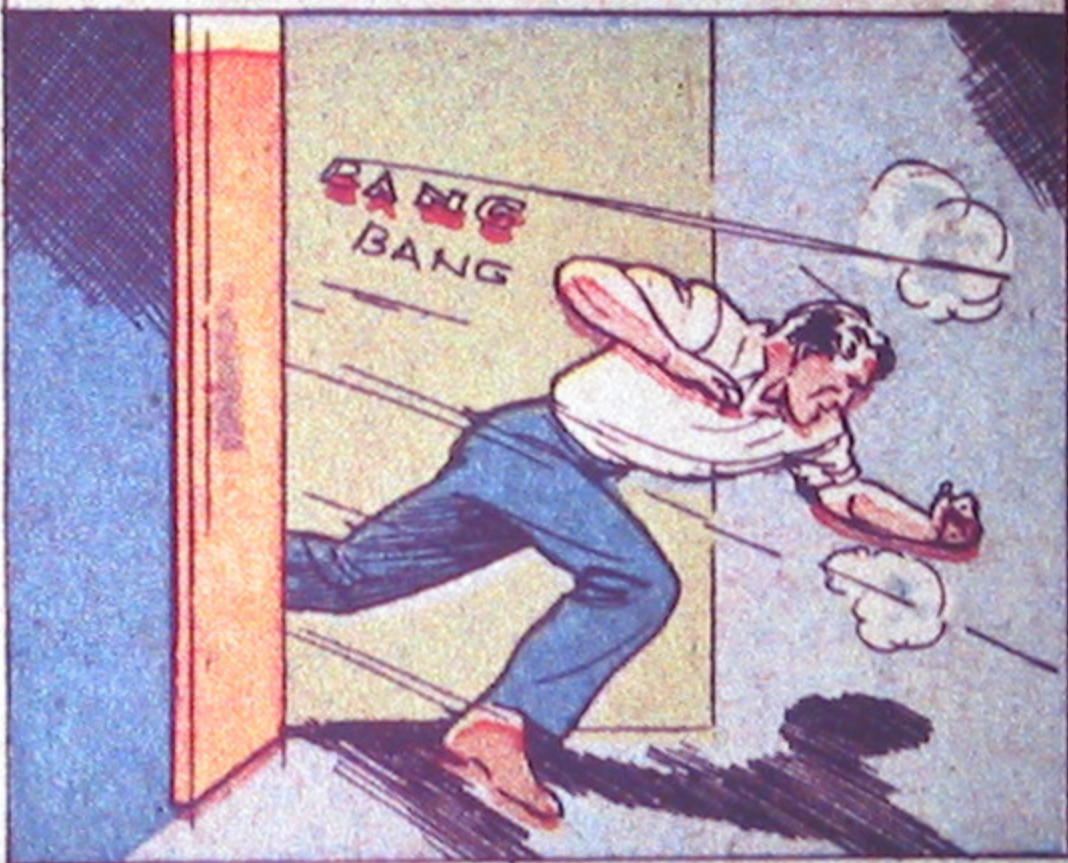
BANG BANG



IT APPEARS THAT BETTY IS A REMARKABLY POOR SHOT. SLAM SPRINGS TO DOUBTFUL SAFETY BEHIND AN ARM-CHAIR



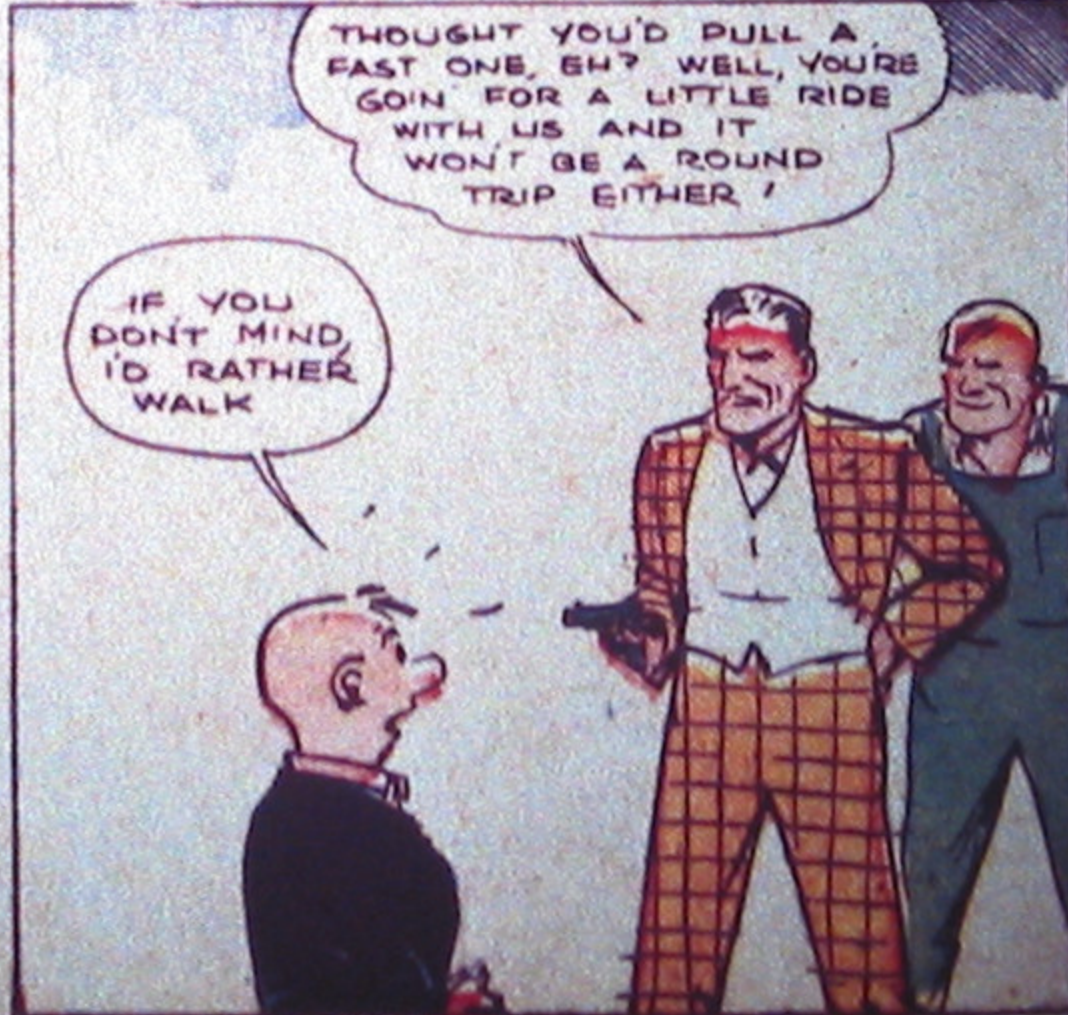
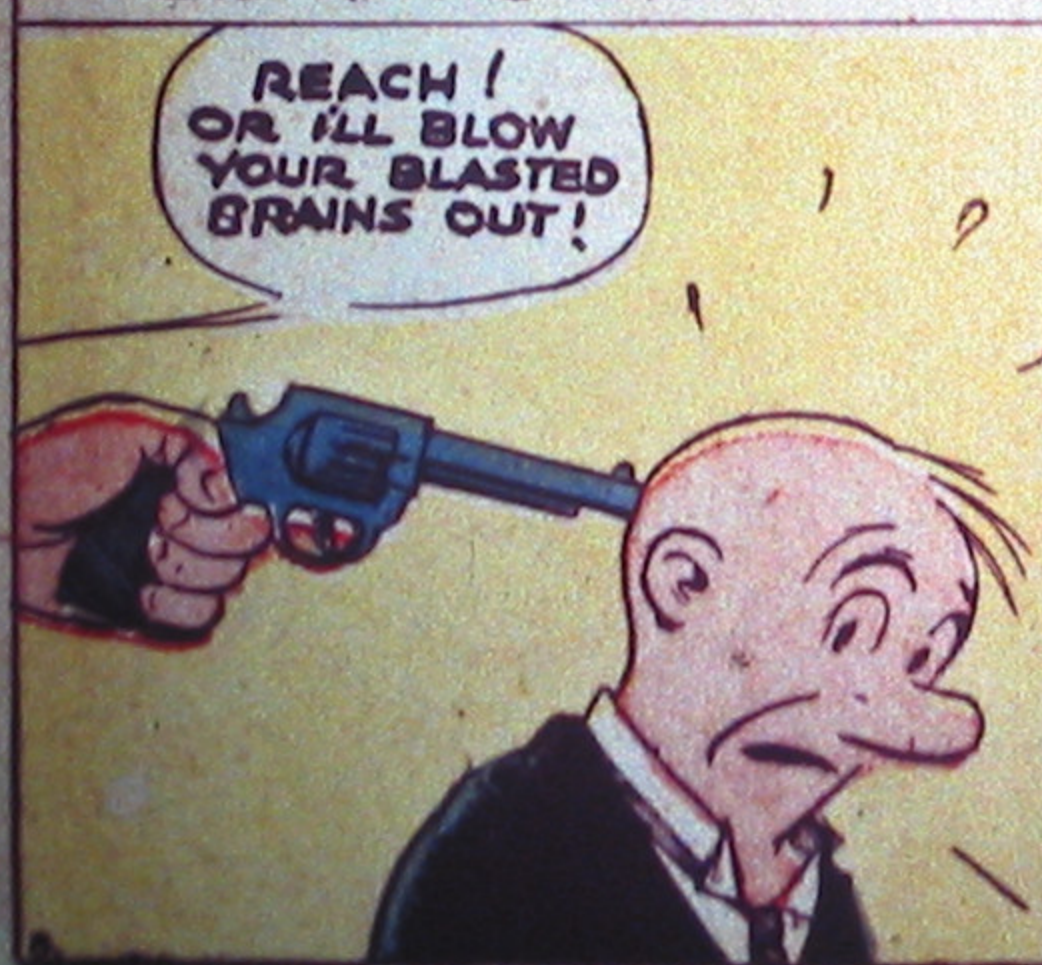
AN UNEXPECTED LEAP CARRIES SLAM THRU A WINDOW TO THE FIRE ESCAPE AMID A HAIL OF BULLETS!



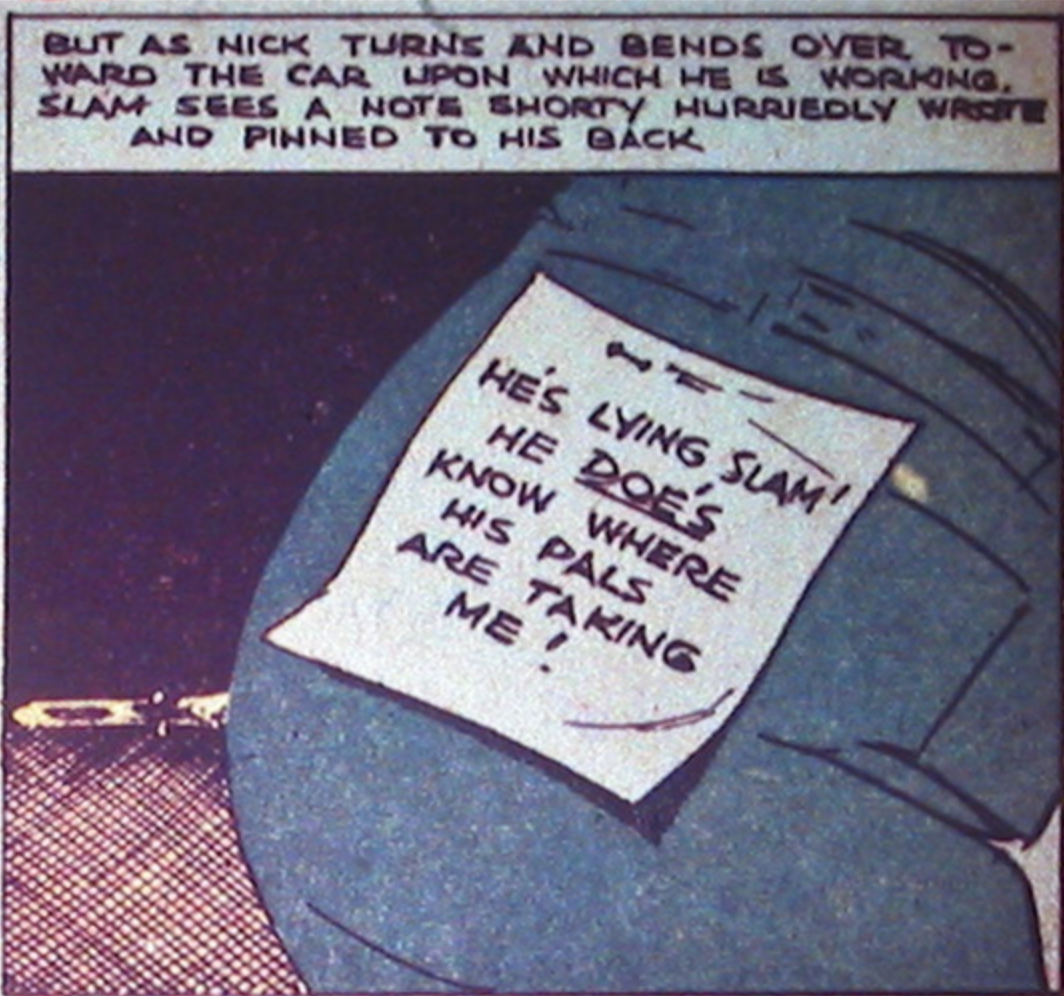
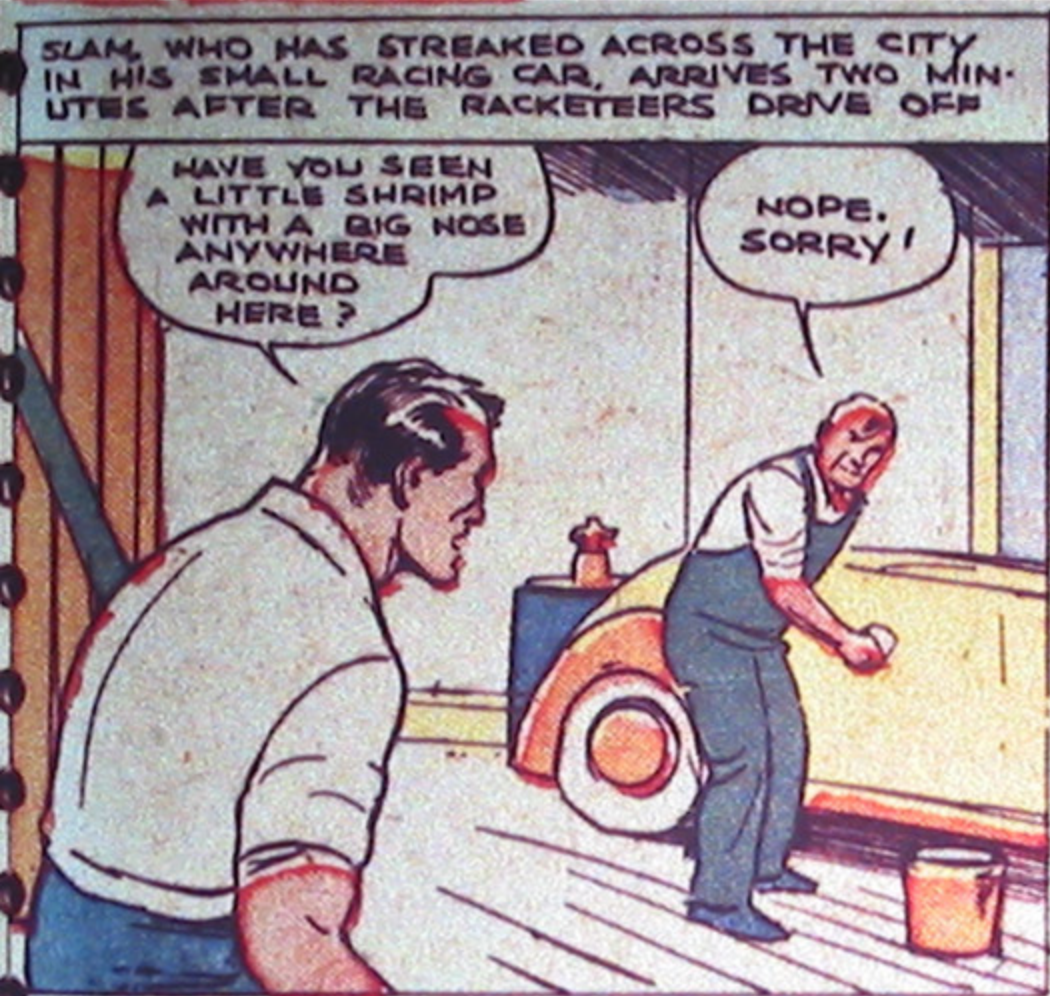
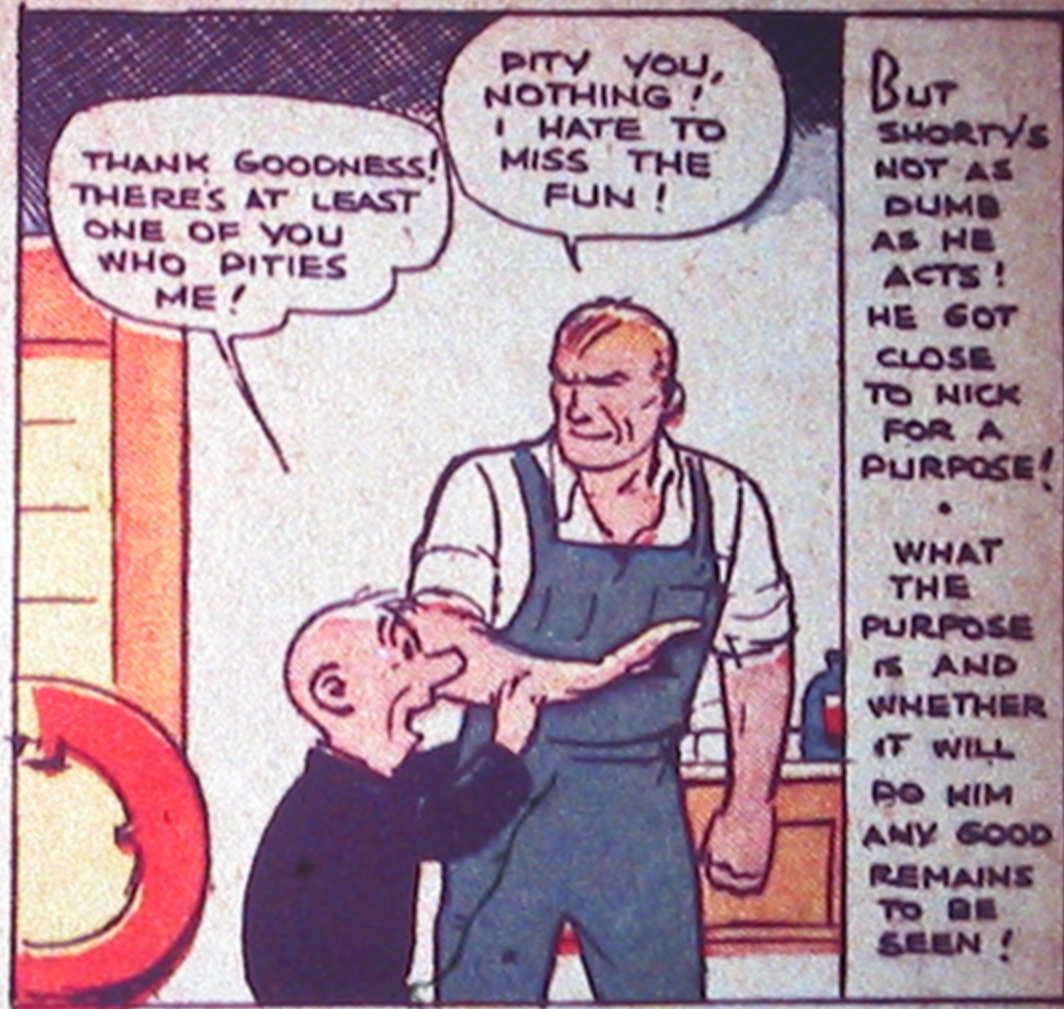
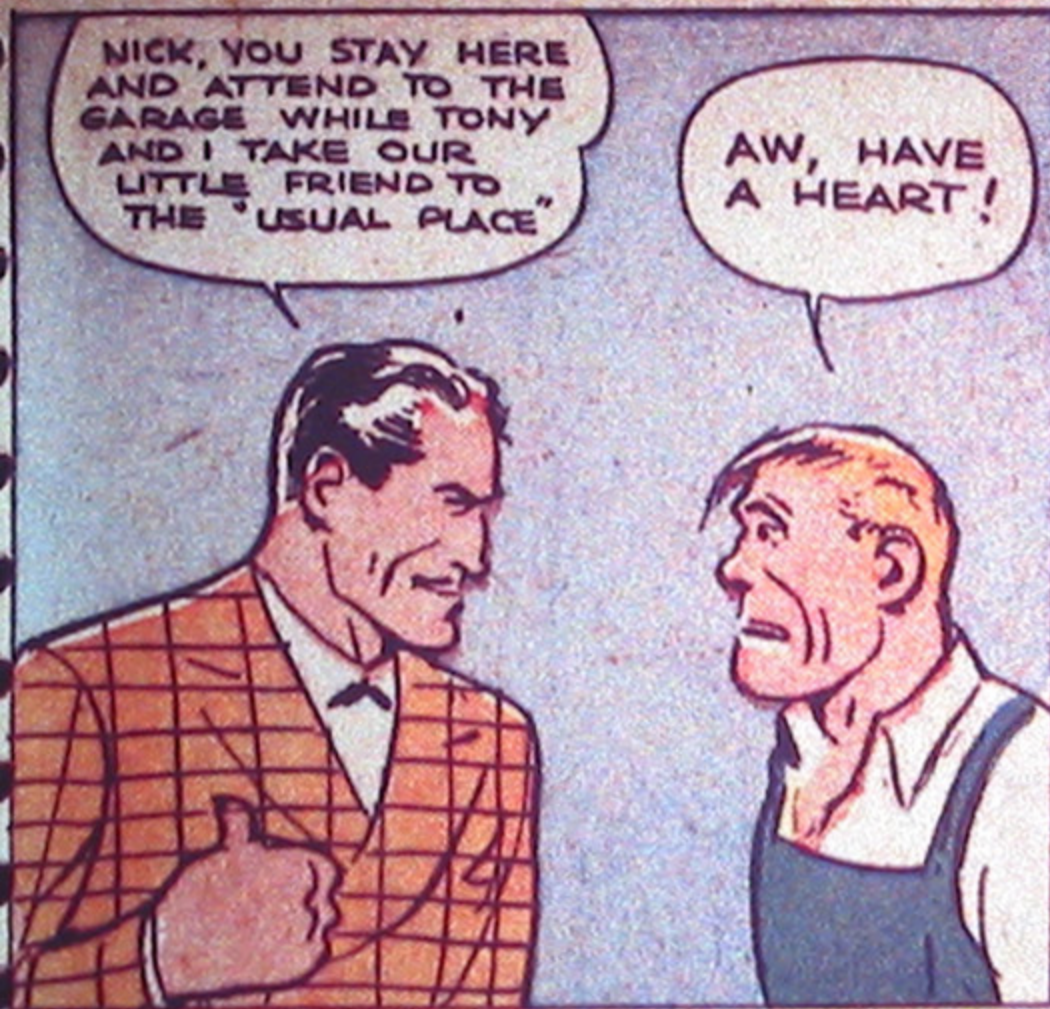
ATTRACTED BY THE SHOUTS, NEIGHBORS BURST IN . . .



BACK AT THE GARAGE:









AFTER THE FIFTH DUCKING . . .

SAY!  
ARE YOU  
ENJOYING  
THIS?

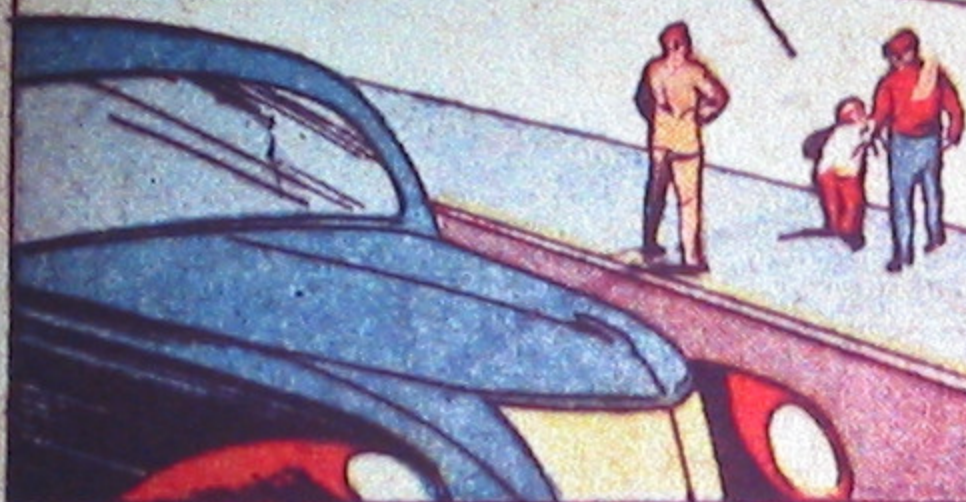
STOP! I'LL TELL!  
THEY TOOK HIM  
TO THE "JINX  
TOWER"!



THEY SAY THE  
VIEW FROM THE TOP  
OF THE TOWER IS  
INTERESTING. LET'S  
TAKE A LOOK  
AT IT!

DO YOU  
MIND IF  
I SIT DOWN?  
I'LL WAIT FOR  
YOU HERE!

YOU HEARD  
WHAT HE SAID!  
GET MOVING!



"THE JINX TOWER"! -- SILENT, DESERTED,  
IT LIFTS ITS GRUESOME, UNFINISHED  
BULK TOWARD A DARKENING SKY!  
THE SCENE OF A DOZEN MYSTERIOUS  
DEATHS OF MEN ENGAGED IN ERECTING  
IT, WORK UPON THE CURSED EDIFICE HAS  
HALTED TEMPORARILY!

STEPPING WITHIN AN ELEVATOR, THE THREE  
BEGIN A SLOW JOURNEY UPWARD.



SLAM, ARRIVING A FEW SECONDS TOO LATE  
TO SPRING INTO THE ELEVATOR, CLASPS THE  
GREASY CABLE AND RISES IN PURSUIT!



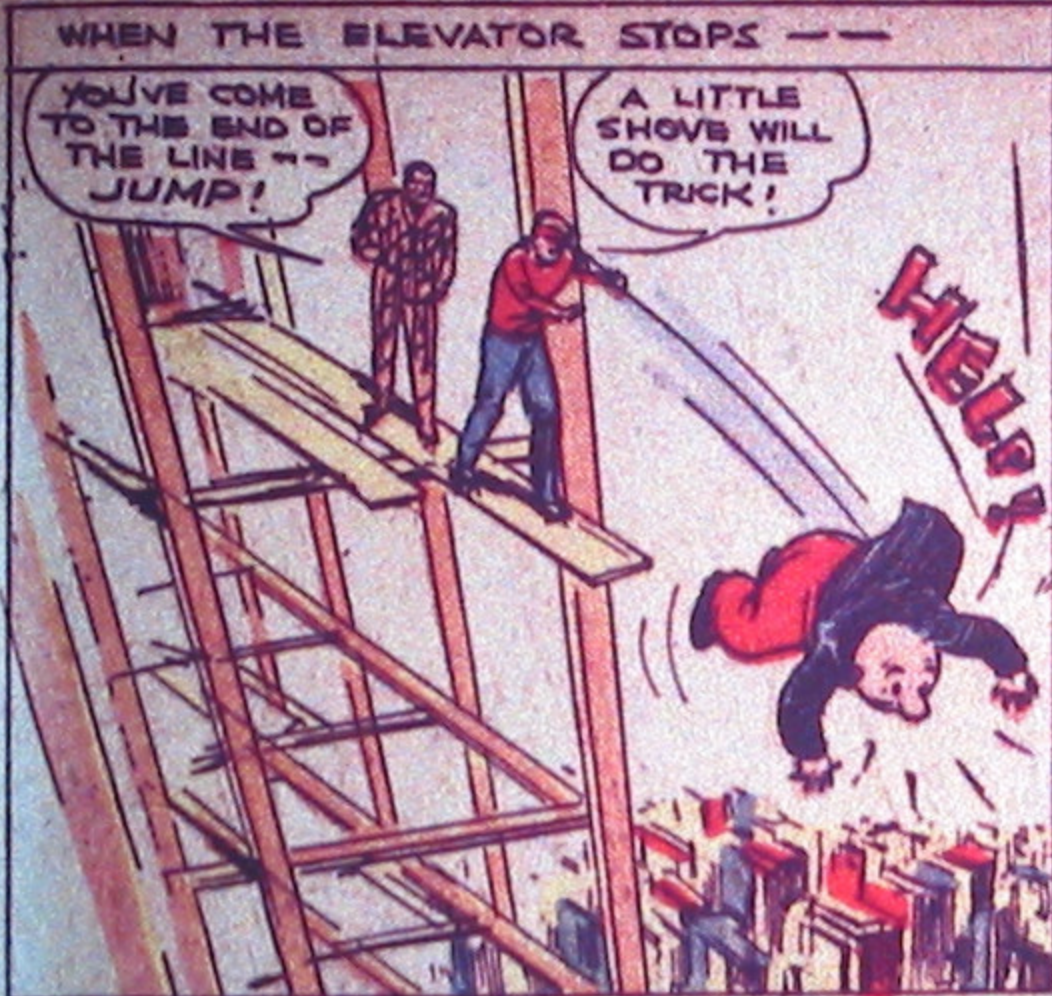


WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS — —

YOU'VE COME  
TO THE END OF  
THE LINE —  
JUMP!

A LITTLE  
SHOVE WILL  
DO THE  
TRICK!

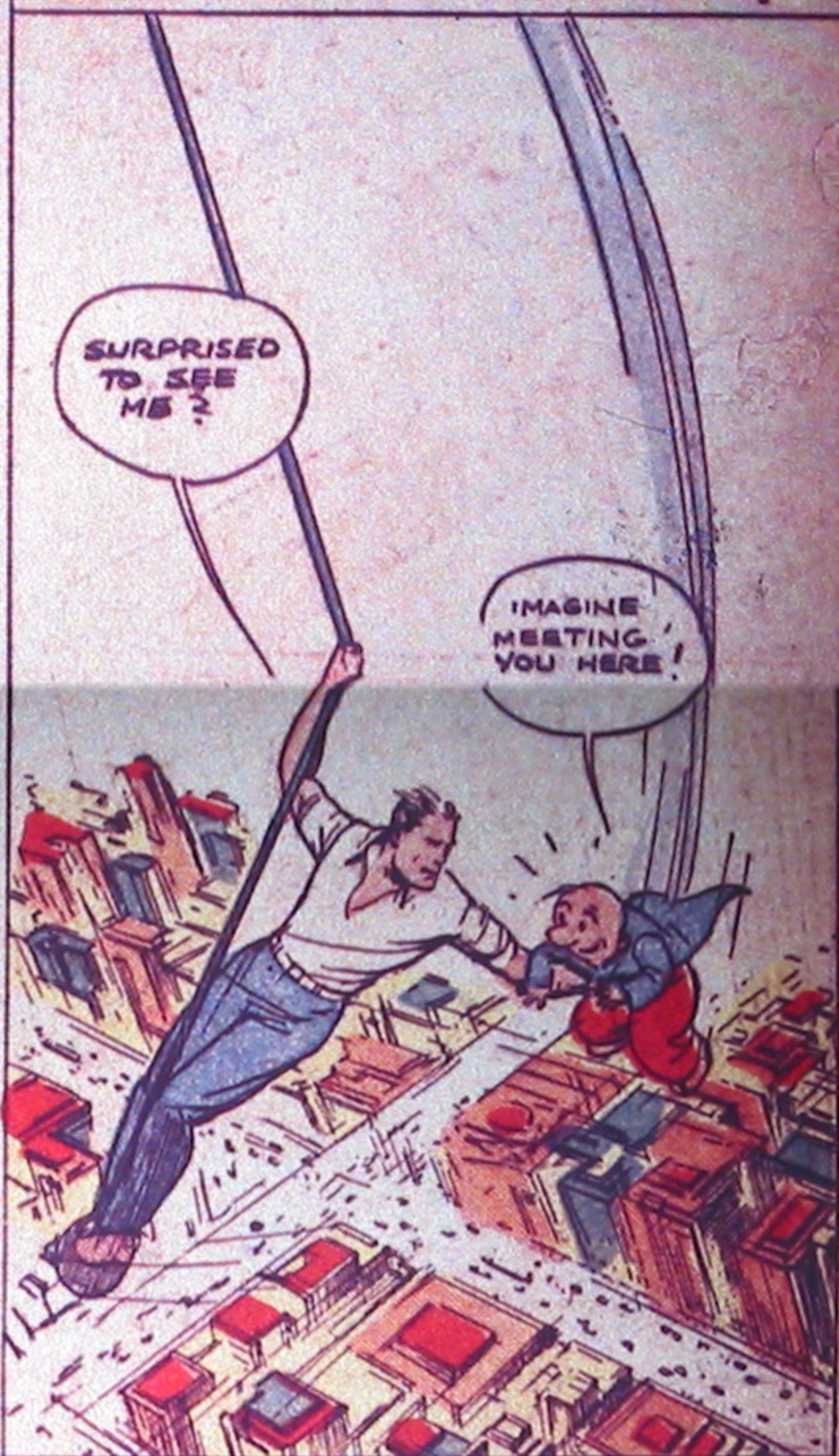
HELP!



SHORTY FALLS! — — BUT INTO  
THE ARMS OF SLAM WHO HAS  
SWUNG OUT BENEATH HIM!

SURPRISED  
TO SEE  
ME?

IMAGINE  
MEETING  
YOU HERE!



SLAM CLIMBS UPWARD AND CONFRONTS THE  
TWO RACKETEERS

I'M COMING,  
RAT! AND I'M  
GOING TO  
GET YOU!

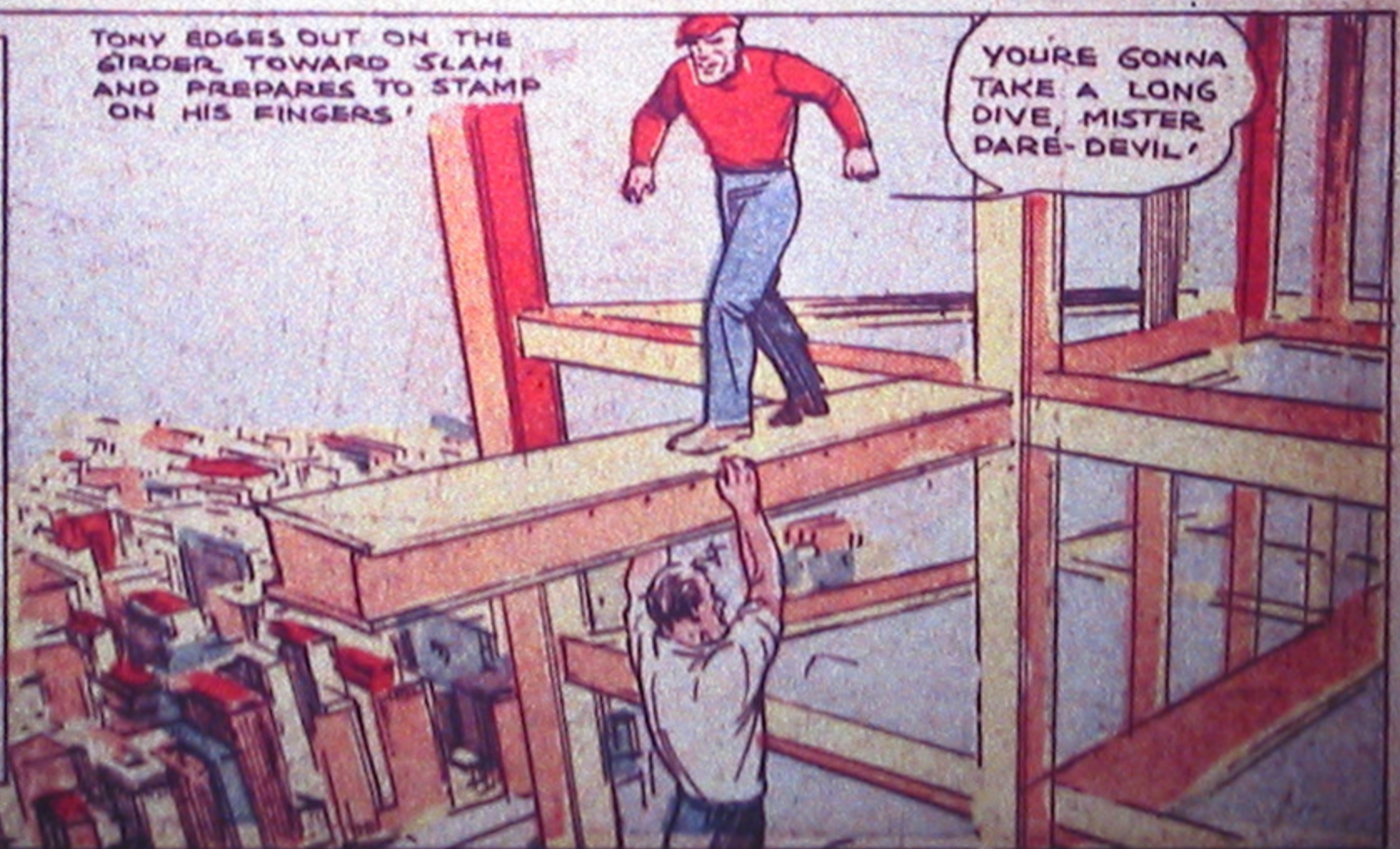
IT'S -- IT'S  
SLAM  
BRADLEY!



SLAM TAKES  
REFUGE BE-  
HIND A STEEL  
GIRDER AS  
THE LAWYER  
FIRES FRENZIEDLY  
UNTIL HIS LAST  
SHOT IS GONE.  
THEN SLAM  
RUNS TOP-SPEED  
ALONG A GIRDER,  
LAUNCHES HIM-  
SELF THRU  
SPACE TOWARD  
ANOTHER AND  
MAKES IT! BUT  
THEN HE SLIPS,  
FALLS, AND  
HANGS BY HIS  
FINGER-TIPS!

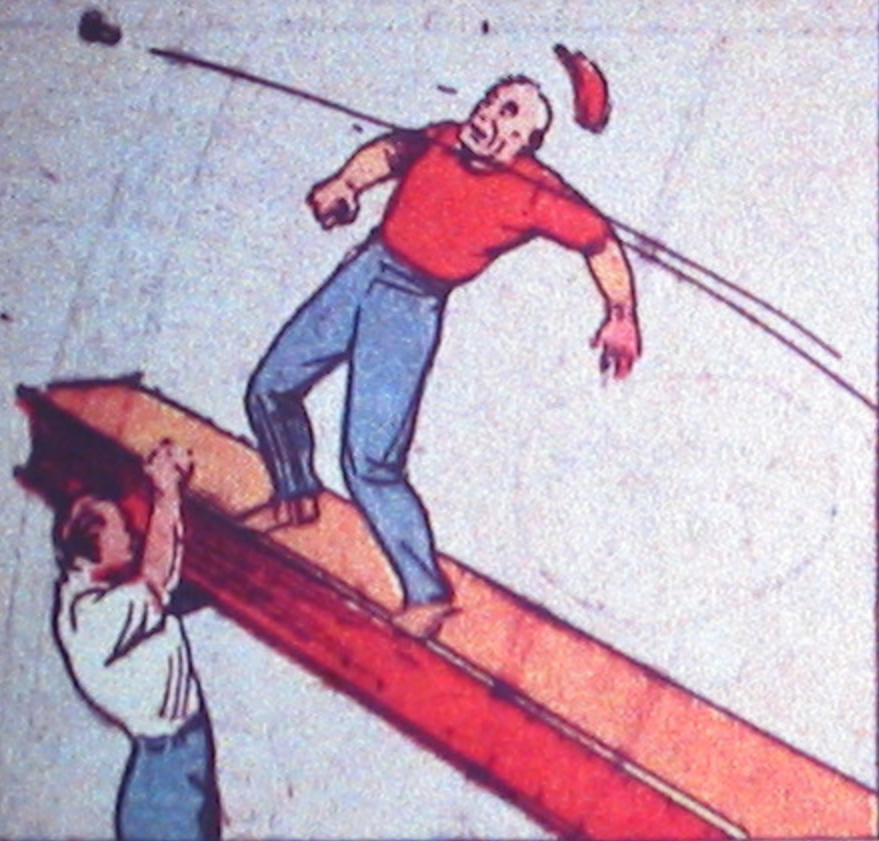
TONY EDGES OUT ON THE  
GIRDER TOWARD SLAM  
AND PREPARES TO STAMP  
ON HIS FINGERS!

YOU'RE GONNA  
TAKE A LONG  
DIVE, MISTER  
DARE-DEVIL!





SEEING SLAM'S PREDICAMENT, SHORTY  
THROWS A BOLT. TONY DUCKS -- BUT  
THEN HIS FOOT SLIPS! . . . .



OUT INTO EMPTY SPACE HURTTLES  
TONY'S YELLING AND TWISTING BODY!  
OUT AND DOWN -- DOWN TOWARD  
THE MANGLED DOOM TO WHICH HE  
HAD INTENDED TO SEND SLAM!

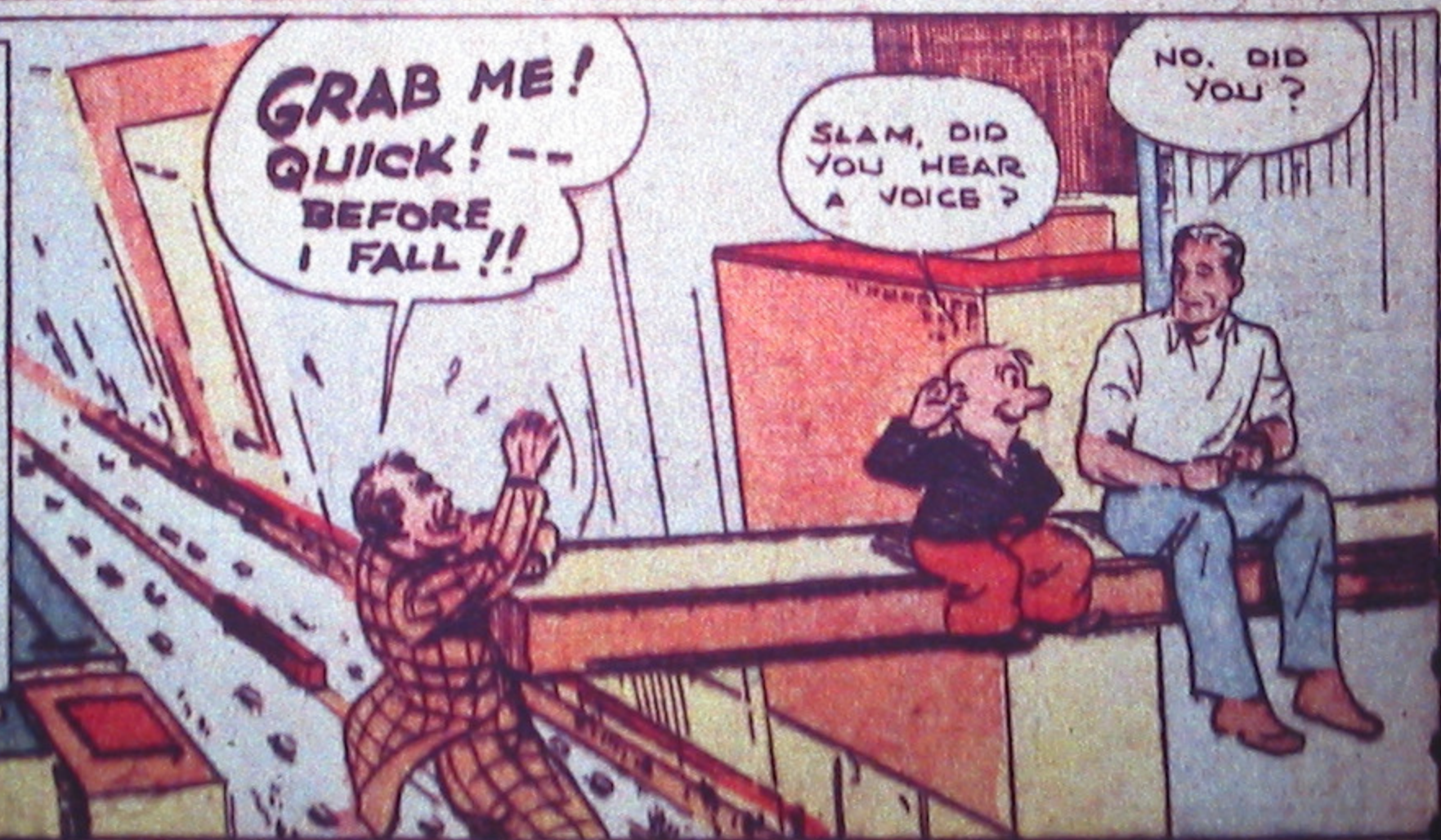


JOINED BY  
SLAM,  
SHORTY  
FINDS THE  
LEADER  
OF THE  
BASKETBALLERS  
IN A  
PRECARIOUS  
POSITION

GRAB ME!  
QUICK! --  
BEFORE  
I FALL !!

SLAM, DID  
YOU HEAR  
A VOICE?

NO, DID  
YOU?





I'LL CONFESS! I ORDERED  
TONY TO MURDER PETE  
GRAVES AND OTHER OF THE  
MEN WORKING ON THIS TOWER  
SO THEY'D BE FRIGHTENED  
INTO JOINING OUR UNION!  
I'LL CONFESS ANYTHING--  
BUT TAKE ME UP!



O.K. I'LL TAKE  
YOU UP --  
SO THE STATE  
CAN EXTERMINATE  
YOU LEGALLY!

BE CAREFUL!  
YOU'RE PULLING  
MY HAIR  
OUT!



LATER... IN POLICE-HEADQUARTERS...

THIS IS  
BECAUSE  
I MISJUDGED  
YOU!

CONSIDER  
YOURSELF  
FORGIVEN!

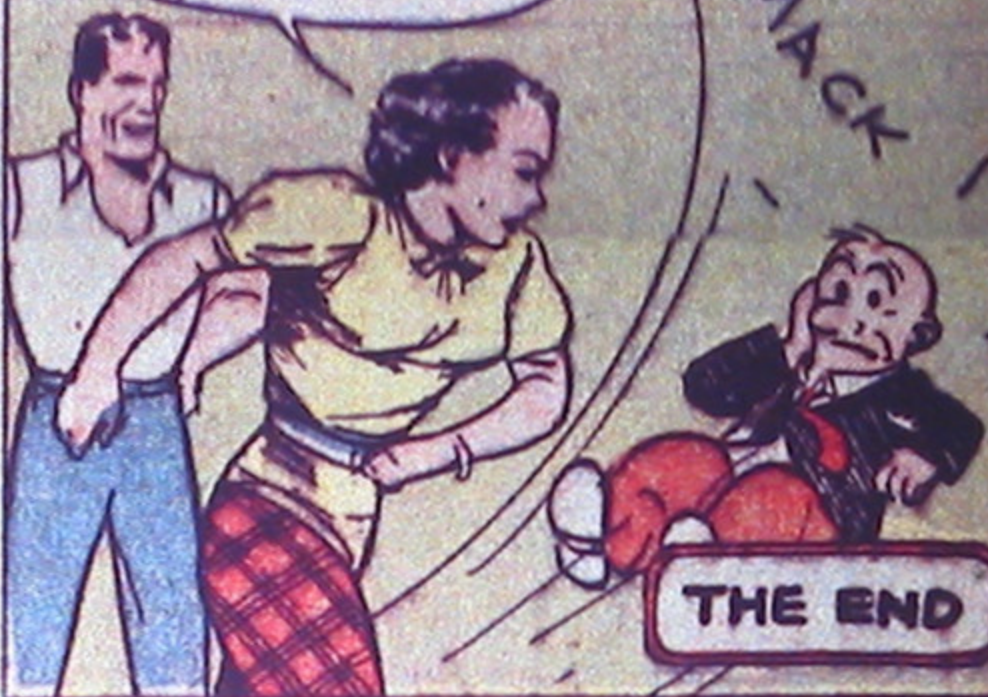
HEY!

SLAM AND I  
ARE PARTNERS!  
WE SHARE  
EVERYTHING!



PARTNERS, EH?  
-- WELL, THIS IS  
BECAUSE YOUR  
PARTNER LEFT ME  
HANGING ON A  
CLOTHES-HOOK!

SMACK!



THE END

PREVIEW OF THE NEXT RELEASE!

# SLAM at the EXPO

ANYTHING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN  
WHEN TOUGH, CARE-FREE SLAM  
BRADLEY AND HIS STOOGES,  
"SHORTY," PAY A VISIT TO THE  
GREAT INLAND EXPOSITION. YES,  
ANYTHING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN  
-- AND IT DOES!

DON'T  
MISS IT!!





# Buck MARSHALL

by HOMER FLEMING

## RANGE DETECTIVE

HELLO! BUCK, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR! I WAS JUST GOING TO SEND FOR YOU—

THE SHERIFF TELLS BUCK ABOUT THE BLOWING UP OF THE DAM, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE DROUGHT, THAT HELD THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE CIRCLE B RANGE. BOWER, THE OWNER SUSPECTS TAFT, THE OWNER OF THE ADJOINING RANGE AND WHO IS ALSO THE PRESIDENT OF THE

HE FORECLOSED YESTERDAY, BUT THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO CORRECT HIM WITH THE DYNAMITING

BANK HOLDING HIS MORTGAGE.

PUTTING SOME PROVISIONS IN HIS SADDLE BAG, BUCK IS SOON READY TO START—

I'M HEADING NORTH, SHERIFF—JUST WANT TO LOOK OVER THE GROUND, A BIT—

BUCK SUDDENLY REINS IN HIS HORSE, AS HE SEES THE BODY OF A YOUNG COWBOY LYING, FACE DOWNWARD IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES

THERE'S HIS HORSE, YONDER

BUCK CAREFULLY EXAMINES THE BODY, FINDING A GUNSHOT WOUND IN THE BACK—

I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER TRACKS—MUST HAVE BEEN DRY-GULCHED



WALKING OVER TO THE PONY, GRAZING NEARBY, BUCK FINDS A MONEY-BELT, STUFFED WITH BUNDLES OF BILLS SECURELY FASTENED TO THE SADDLE. A NAME AND ADDRESS "J. TAFT, SAGE CITY" ARE PRINTED ON THE STRAP

"\$2,000, I MAKE IT! A HEAP OF MONEY - THE SHERIFF SAID THAT BANK PRESIDENT'S NAME IS TAFT - WONDER IF IT'S THE SAME HONORE!"

"I'LL JUST LET THAT BODY LIE THERE TILL I GET BACK - I'D BETTER FIND OUT A FEW THINGS FIRST - THAT WADDY DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A BANK ROBBER TO ME, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL!"

FASTENING THE BELT AROUND HIS WAIST, BUCK MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND HEADS FOR SAGE CITY, LEADING THE PONY.

PRESENTLY, BUCK SIGHTS A RIDER, ON A RIDGE OPPOSITE, WHO SUDDENLY WHEELS HIS HORSE AND GALLOPS AWAY -

"I WONDER WHAT THAT JASPER'S UP TO - HE EVIDENTLY WAS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL BUT DECIDED TO TURN BACK"

UPON REACHING THE CLUMP OF ROCKS FROM WHICH THE RIDER HAD DASHED AWAY BUCK FINDS BOOT MARKS.

"THAT COYOTE'S BEEN WATCHING ME FROM BEHIND THIS ROCK - STAYED LONG ENOUGH TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE - ROLLS 'EM IN BROWN PAPER, TOO!"

"IT MUST BE AROUND CLOSING TIME - DON'T SEE ANYONE ABOUT"

LEAPING INTO HIS SADDLE, BUCK MAKES ALL POSSIBLE SPEED OVER THE ROUGH TRAIL IN THE DIRECTION OF SAGE CITY ARRIVING IN THE LATE AFTERNOON -



TYING THE HORSES TO THE HITCH RACK  
BUCK ENTERS THE BANK

WHERE WILL I FIND  
MR. TAFT?

I'LL SEE  
IF HE IS IN  
HIS OFFICE.

I'M MR. TAFT  
WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR YOU?

I HAVE A LITTLE  
MATTER TO TALK  
OVER - CAN I SEE  
YOU ALONE?

CERTAINLY, COME  
INTO MY PRIVATE  
OFFICE -

AS BUCK STEPS INTO THE OFFICE, FOLLOWED  
BY THE BANKER, A MAN LUNGES FROM BEHIND  
THE DOOR, GUN IN HAND.

REACH! COWBOY

SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND, BUCK RECEIVES A  
CRUSHING BLOW ON THE HEAD. WHEN  
HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE DISCOVERS  
THAT THE MONEY BELT HAS BEEN TAKEN  
FROM AROUND HIS WAIST.

IN A CORNER OF THE OFFICE, IS THE  
BANKER GAGGED AND BOUND TO A  
CHAIR - THE BANDITS ARE GONE -

WELL - I'M GLAD  
THEY FORGOT  
TO TAKE MY GUN



AFTER BUCK RELEASES TAFT AND CALLS IN HIS ASSISTANT, HE EXPLAINS HOW HE CAME INTO POSSESSION OF THE BELT.



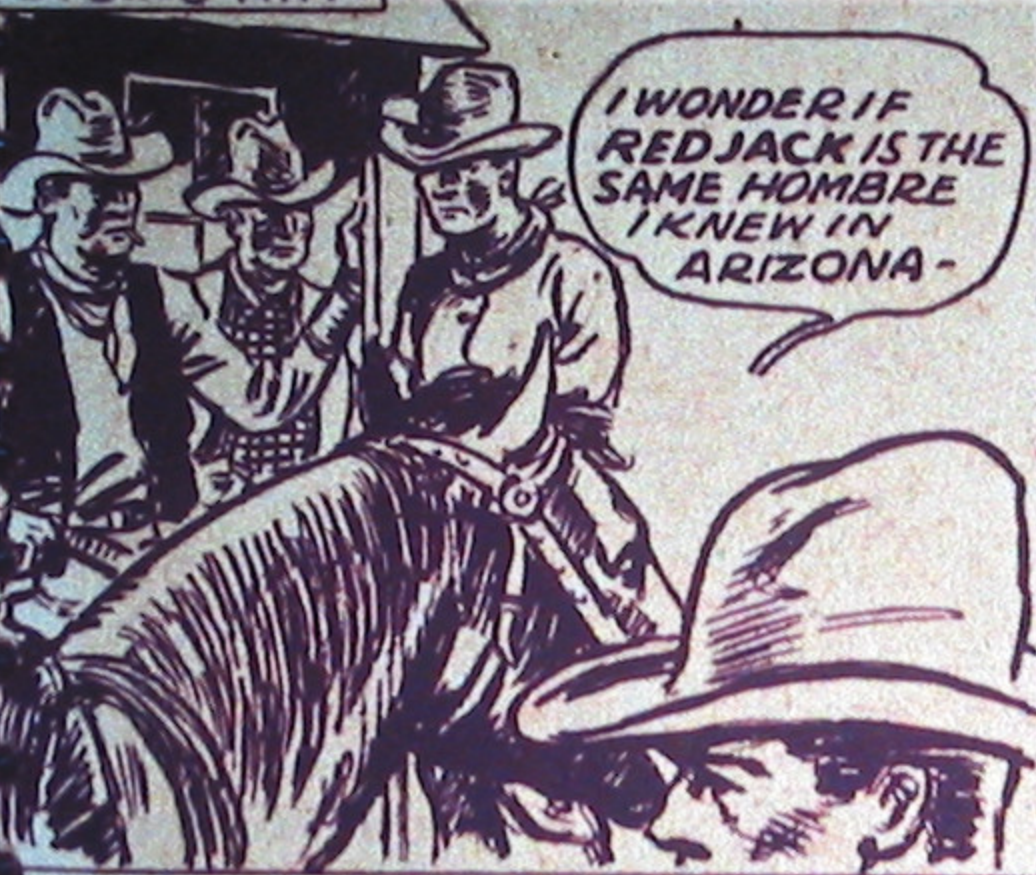
YOUR DESCRIPTION TALLIES WITH A BANDIT WHO HELD ME UP THIS MORNING AND TOOK THAT BELT FROM THIS OFFICE

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL THE MARSHALL AND START A POSSE AFTER HIM!



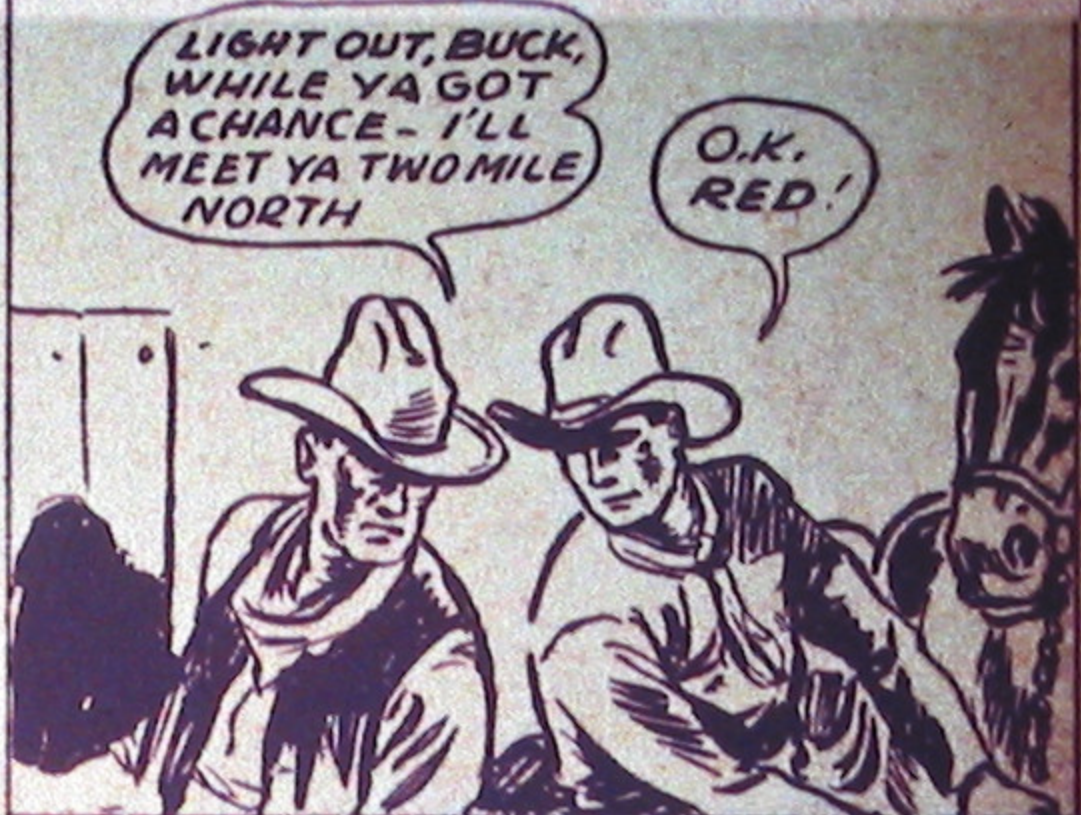
IT WOULD DO NO GOOD! THIS TOWN IS RUN BY RED JACK AND HIS GANG. HE SHOT THE FELLOW BECAUSE HE TRIED TO RUN OUT, ON HIM!

AS BUCK CROSSES OVER FROM THE BANK TO THE HITCHRACK, HE NOTICES A GROUP OF HARD-LOOKING COWMEN EYEING HIM.



I WONDER IF RED JACK IS THE SAME HOMBRE I KNEW IN ARIZONA.

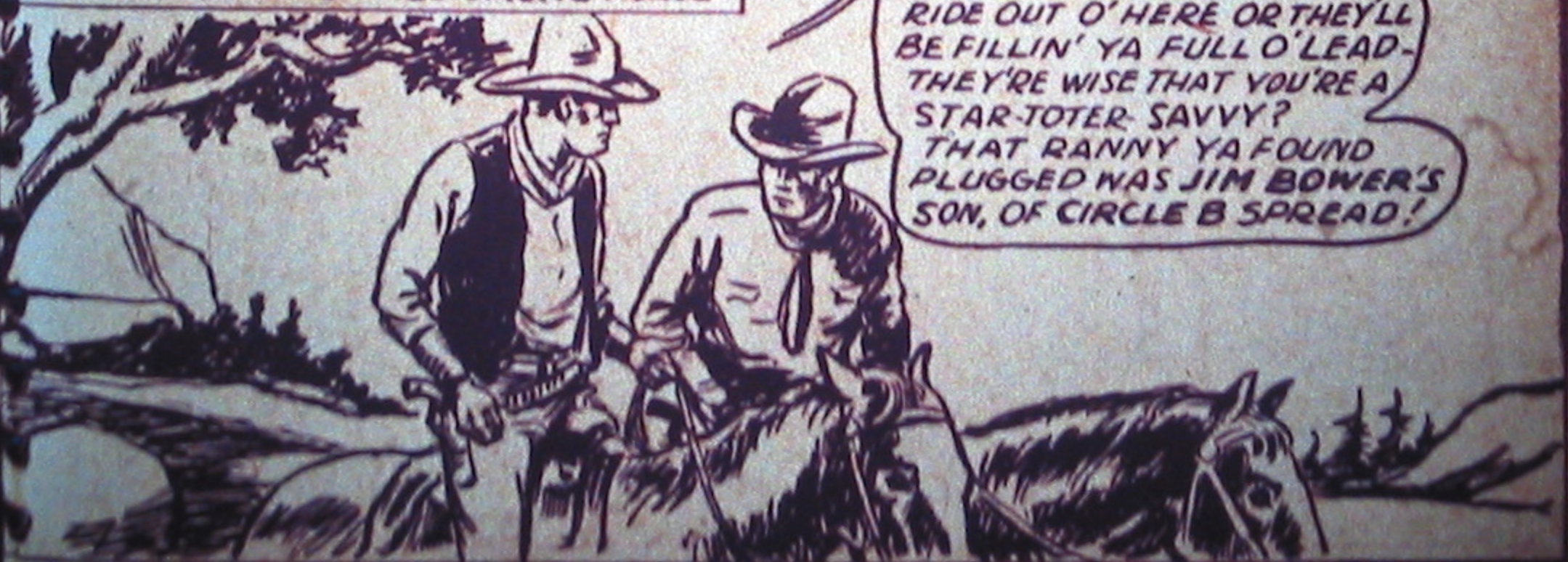
PRESENTLY, ONE OF THE LOUNGERS LEAVES THE PORCH AND PASSES CLOSE TO BUCK.



LIGHT OUT, BUCK, WHILE YA GOT A CHANCE - I'LL MEET YA TWO MILE NORTH

O.K. RED!

WHEN BUCK HAD RIDDEN ABOUT TWO MILES BEYOND THE TOWN, HE HEARS THE HOOF BEATS OF RED JACK'S HORSE.



YA SAVED MY NECK, ONCE, AN' I AIN'T FORGETTIN' IT. RIDE OUT O' HERE OR THEY'LL BE FILLIN' YA FULL O' LEAD - THEY'RE WISE THAT YOU'RE A STAR-TOTER SAVVY? THAT RANNY YA FOUND PLUGGED WAS JIM BOWER'S SON, OF CIRCLE B SPREAD!



AFTER WARNING BUCK, RED JACK DIGS HIS SPURS IN HIS BRONC AND DUSTS BACK TO TOWN. BUCK HEADS NORTH FOR A MILE, THEN CIRCLES BACK TO SAGE CITY. IT IS DARK WHEN HE CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY ALONG THE MAIN STREET ON FOOT.



HEARING VOICES, BUCK HAS BARELY ENOUGH TIME TO DODGE INTO A DOORWAY AS TWO MEN, HAVING A HEATED ARGUMENT, PASS.



KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS, BUCK FOLLOWS THE MEN, ONE OF WHOM HE RECOGNIZES AS TAFT'S ASSISTANT IN THE BANK.



FOLLOWING THEM TO THE BANK, BUCK WATCHES AS THEY ENTER BY A REAR DOOR. PRESENTLY, A LIGHT APPEARS IN A BARRED WINDOW.



STEPPING TO THE REAR DOOR, BUCK LISTENS - THE MEXICAN IS TALKING EXCITEDLY AND MENTIONS THE MONEY BELT - SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS, SLIGHTLY, AS A FACE PEERS OUT AND AT THAT INSTANT, BUCK FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR, LEAPING INTO THE ROOM AS HIS SIX GUN CLEARS LEATHER!





SO-FAILING TO GET THE BELT AFTER DRY-GULCHIN' YOUNG BOWER, YOU THOUGHT YOU'D LIFT IT FROM ME—



SUDDENLY, A PANEL IN THE WALL BEHIND BUCK SLIDES OPEN, AS THE FIGURE OF THE BANKER EMERGES, GUN IN HAND—

PUT EM' UP! STAR-TOTER- AND YOU TWO DOUBLE-CROSSING COYOTES-KEEP YOUR PAWS UP TOO! A SLUG IN THE BACK OF EACH OF YOU, WILL KEEP YOU FROM SQUEALING- I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS CHANCE—



TAFT WHIRLS AROUND AS THERE IS A CRASHING OF WINDOW GLASS, AND THE LONG BARREL OF A SIX GUN, IN THE STEADY HAND OF THE SHERIFF, IS POKED THROUGH THE BARS—



STEADY THERE! TAFT- I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, BUCK AND THE SHERIFF HAVE THE CRAFTY BANKER AND HIS ACCOMPLICES SECURELY BOUND.

SHERIFF, THE SIGN THAT PUT ME ON THE TRAIL OF THIS MEXICAN BIRD WAS A BROWN PAPER CIGARETTE BUTT- HE PUT THE SLUG IN YOUNG BOWER'S BACK!



TAFT HAS BEEN POSING AS AN HONEST BUSINESS MAN BUT IN REALITY IS HEAD OF THE GANG HERE. HE HIRED THE GANG TO DYNAMITE THE DAM, THEN HELD UP THEIR PAY. HIS ASSISTANT WAS ABOUT TO START WITH THEIR MONEY WHEN YOUNG BOWER STUCK HIM UP.



THEN BOWER'S SON TOOK THE BELT TO GET BACK SOME OF TAFT'S ILL-GOTTEN GAINS!

TAFT TRY'S TO THROW SUSPICION ON RED JACK, AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE- HE WANTED TO GET RID OF RED AND HIS BANK ASSISTANT BECAUSE THEY HAD THREATENED TO SQUEAL—



THERE'S A REWARD WAITING FOR YOU BUCK- THAT MEXICAN IS BLACK PETE WITH A RECORD AS LONG AS YOUR ARM!

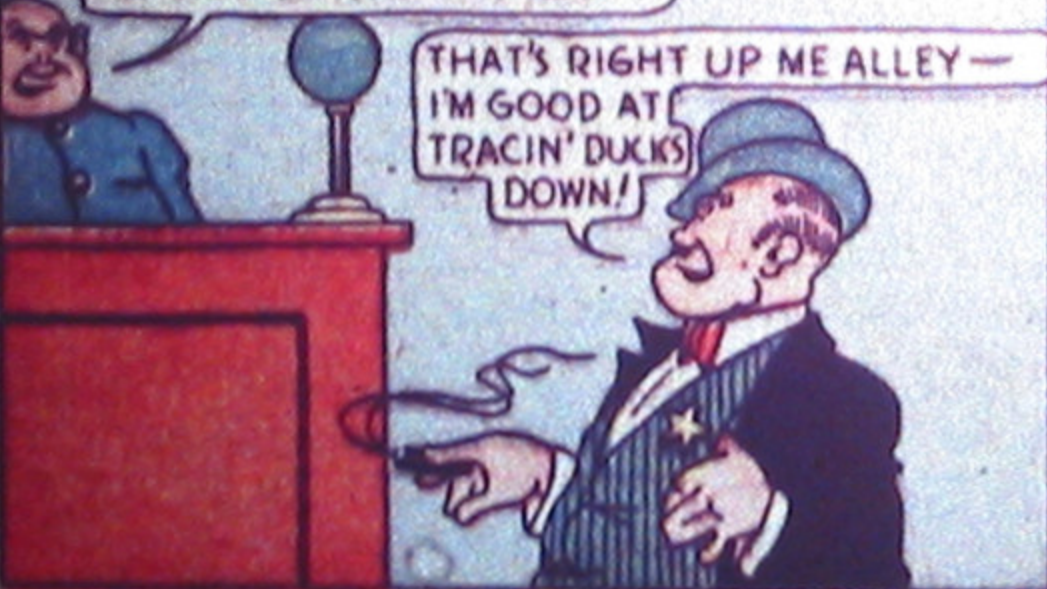


# GUMSHOE GUS

By BILL PATRICK



HEY, GUS!—HURRY OVER TO THE BEEKMAN HOME. OLD MAN BEEKMAN'S PET DUCK HAS DISAPPEARED, AN' HE'S RAISIN' THE ROOF!



THAT'S RIGHT UP ME ALLEY—  
I'M GOOD AT  
TRACIN' DUCKS  
DOWN!

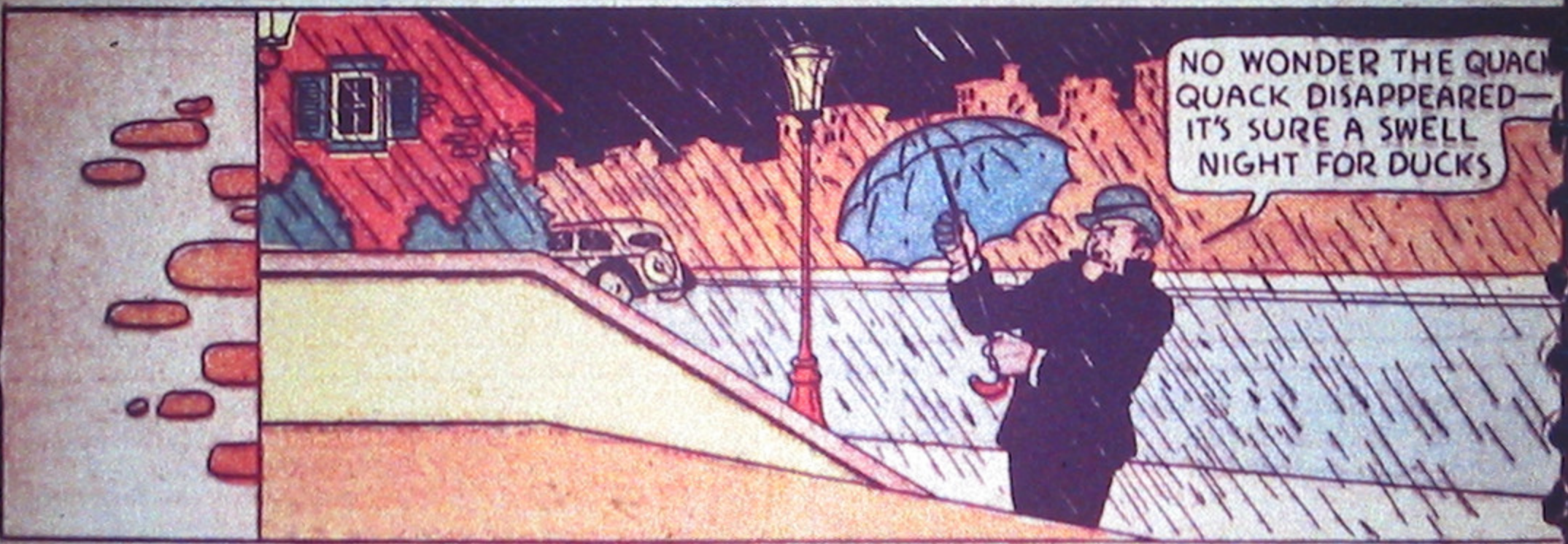
HEY! GUS!—WE  
HEAR YOU'RE ON  
TH' POULTRY  
SQUAD NOW!



YEAH!—THIS CASE'LL  
BE DUCK SOUP  
FOR HIM!



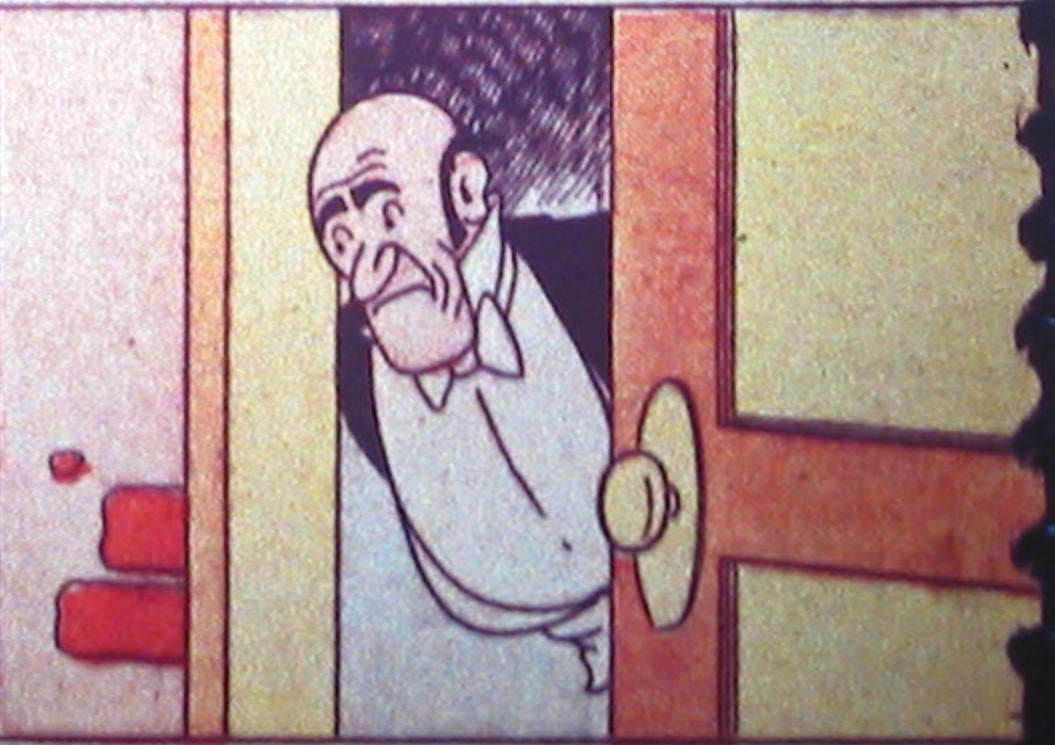
NEVER MIND, WISE GUYS—  
IF I BREAK THIS CASE,  
IT'LL BE A FEATHER  
IN ME CAP



NO WONDER THE QUACK  
QUACK DISAPPEARED—  
IT'S SURE A SWELL  
NIGHT FOR DUCKS



THIS IS THE  
JOINT ALL RIGHT!





OPEN IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
DUCK!—ER—  
I MEAN THE LAW!



THE MASTER IS IN THE  
STUDY—HE EXPECTS  
YOU—FOLLOW ME!



THE POLICE—  
SIR!



AT LAST!—I WANT YOU TO FIND GLORIA,  
MY PET—SHE'S GONE—I'M SO  
BROKEN-HEARTED—BOO-HOO!



DON'T WORRY—NUTHIN' GETS  
PAST ME GIMLET EYE—FOIST,  
TELL ME, WHAT'S THAT EGG  
DOIN' ON YOUR  
DESK?



IT'S THE ONLY REMEMBRANCE  
I HAVE OF GLORIA. SHE  
LAID IT FOR ME THIS  
MORNING!

MAYBE SHE RAN  
OFF WITH A DRAKE  
IN A CASE LIKE  
THIS, I ALWAYS  
SUSPECT  
FOWL PLAY!



WHORE THESE  
TWO MUGS?

MY ABSENT-MINDED TWIN  
NEPHEWS—THEY  
CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER  
THEIR NAMES—ONE  
IS CALLED CUMMING  
AND THE OTHER  
"GOEEN!"





WHAT'S YOUR NAME?—  
TRY TO REMEMBER—  
IT MIGHT FURNISH  
A CLUE!

I DON'T KNOW IF  
I'M CUMMING OR  
GOEEN!

NEITHER  
DO I!

I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!

WHAT IS IT?

WHAT DID YOU HAVE FOR  
SUPPER TONIGHT—ANY  
POULTRY OF ANY KIND?

NO!—JUST  
CRACKERS  
AND CHEESE!

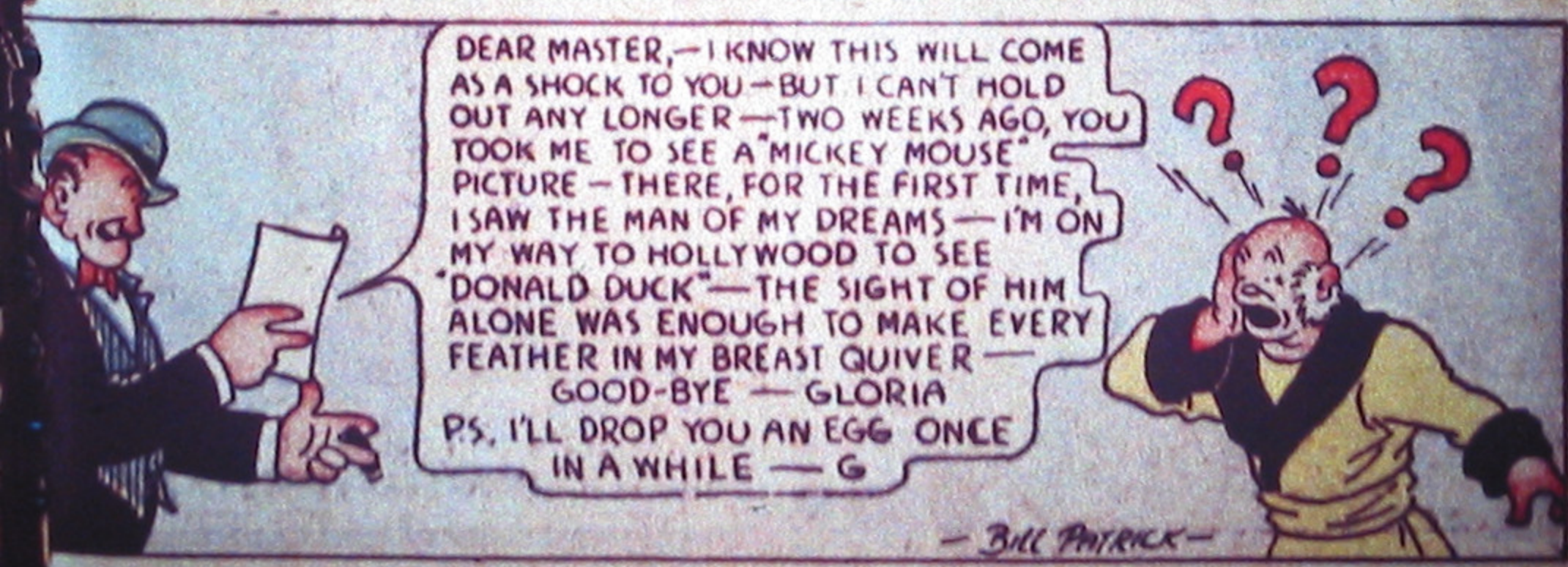
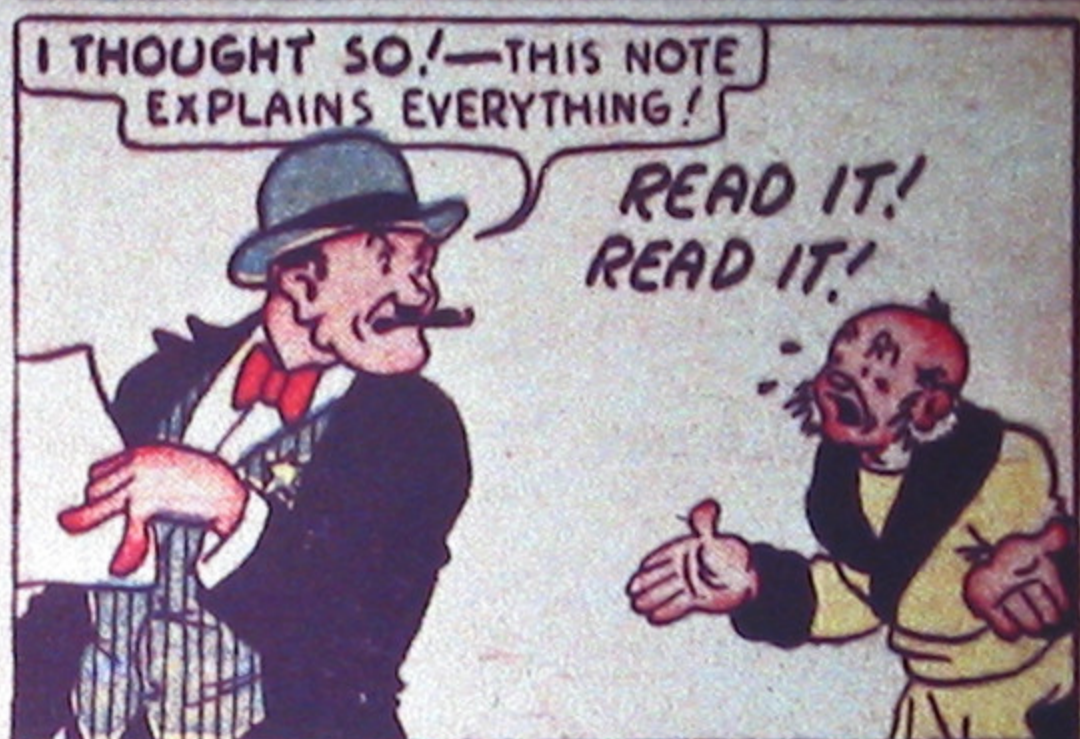
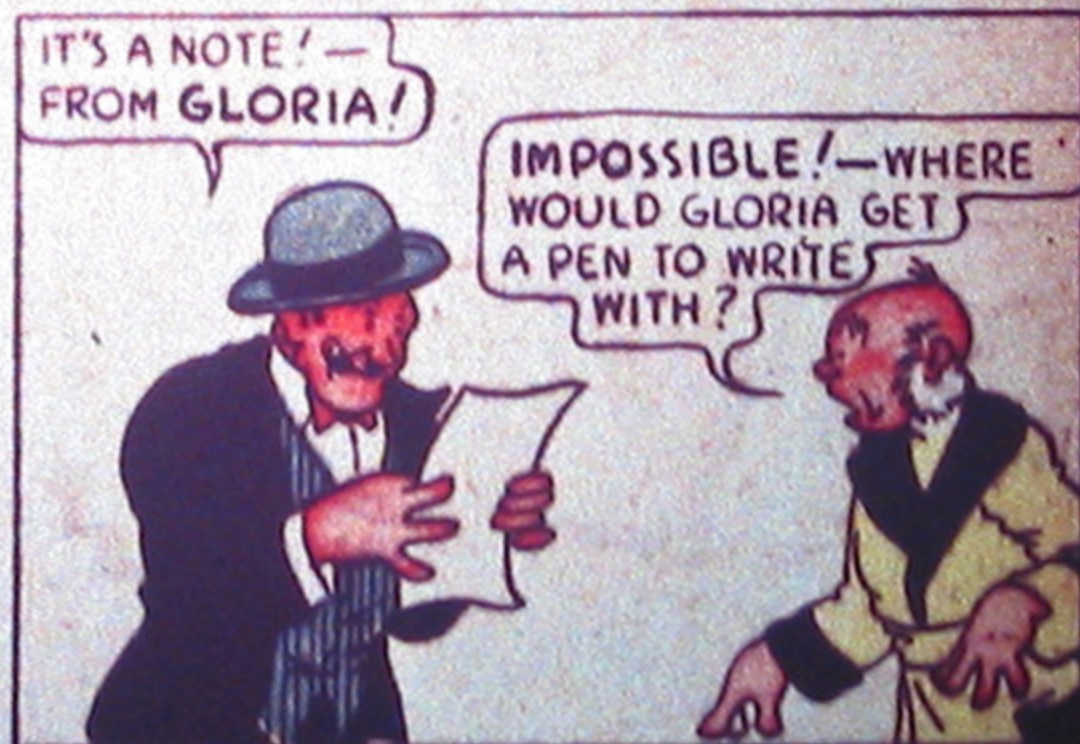
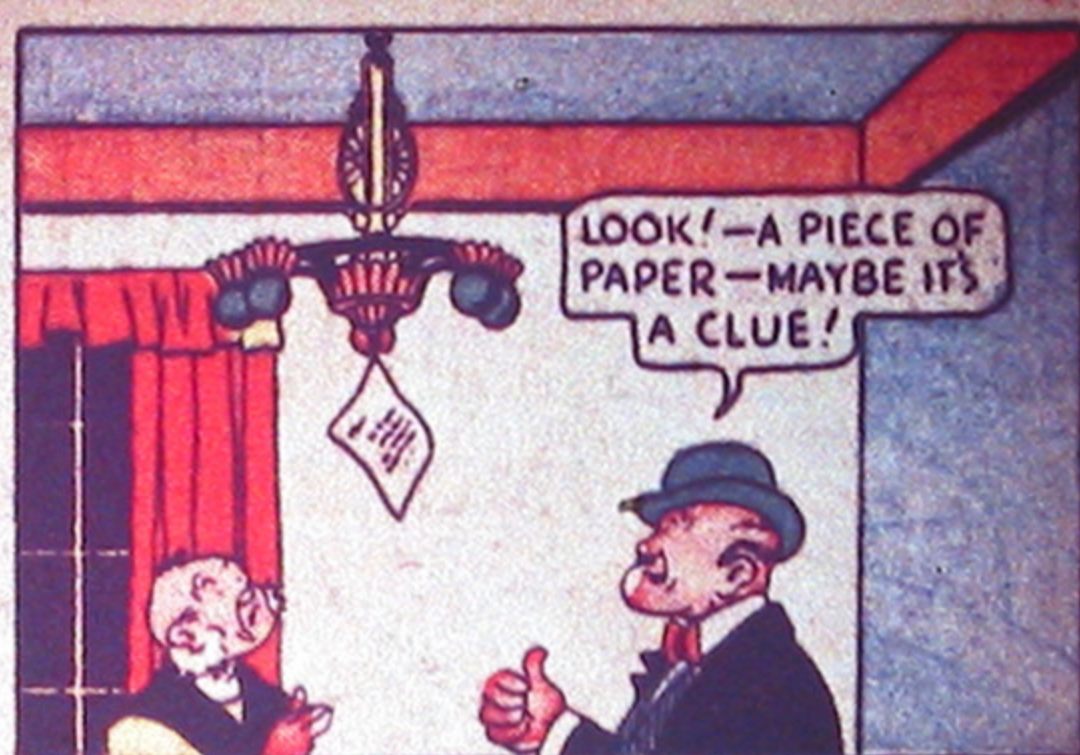
THEN THAT'S OUT—I THOUGHT MAYBE THE  
COOK PUT GLORIA ON  
THE MENU—NOW LET ME  
SEE WHERE GLORIA SLEPT!

GLORIA ALWAYS CREPT INTO  
THIS PILLOW CASE AT NIGHT,  
SO I COULD HAVE A FEATHER  
PILLOW TO REST MY  
HEAD ON!

SOMEBODY IS  
NUTS AROUND  
HERE!

THIS MAY SEEM ODD  
TO YOU—BUT I DO  
ME BEST SHERLOCKIN'  
ON ME BACK!







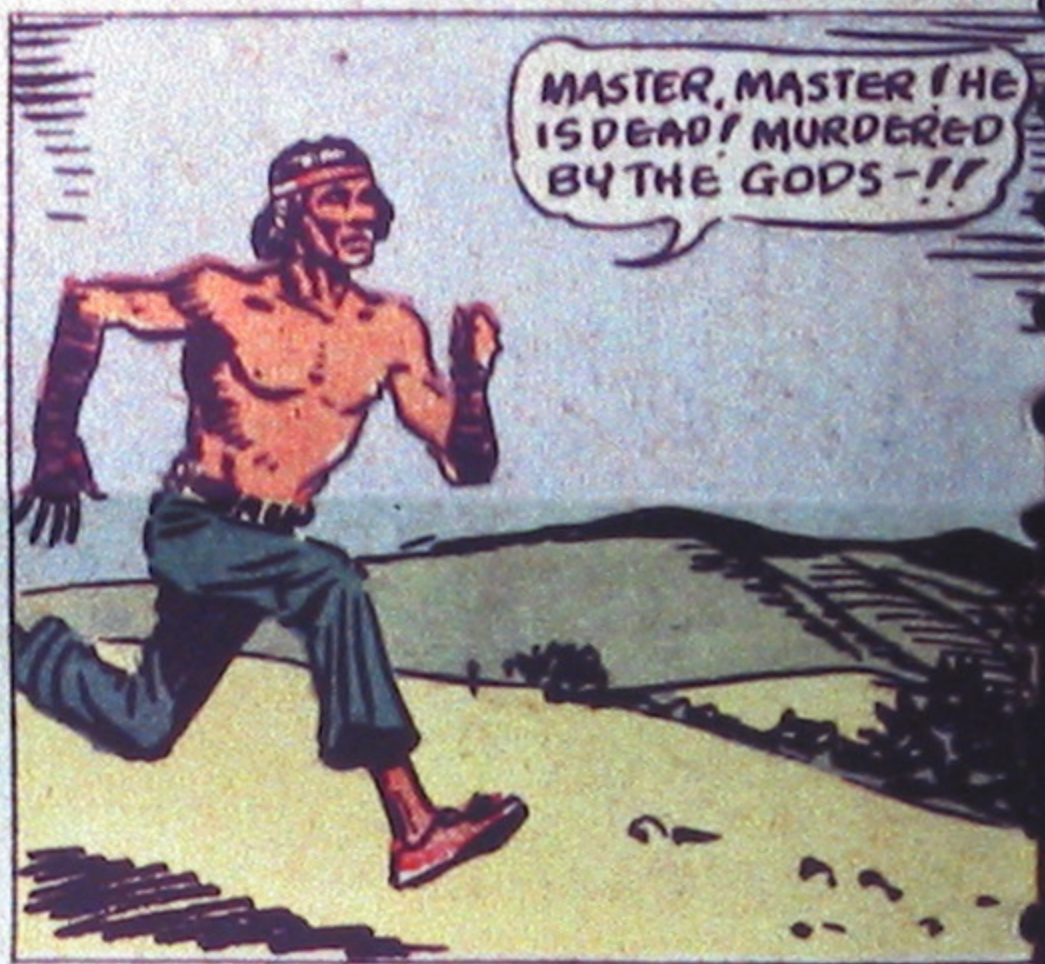
# BRET LAWTON

INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE —



BRET LAWTON, FAMOUS DETECTIVE, HAS BEEN CALLED TO SOUTH AMERICA BY HIS FRIEND, TOM BRADLEY, WHO OWNS A GOLD MINE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE PERUVIAN JUNGLE.

A MYSTERIOUS SILENT DEATH HAS BEEN KILLING MANY OF TOM BRADLEY'S MEN. — BRET LAWTON DECIDES IT IS ——— MURDER — BUT HOW? AND BY WHOM? —

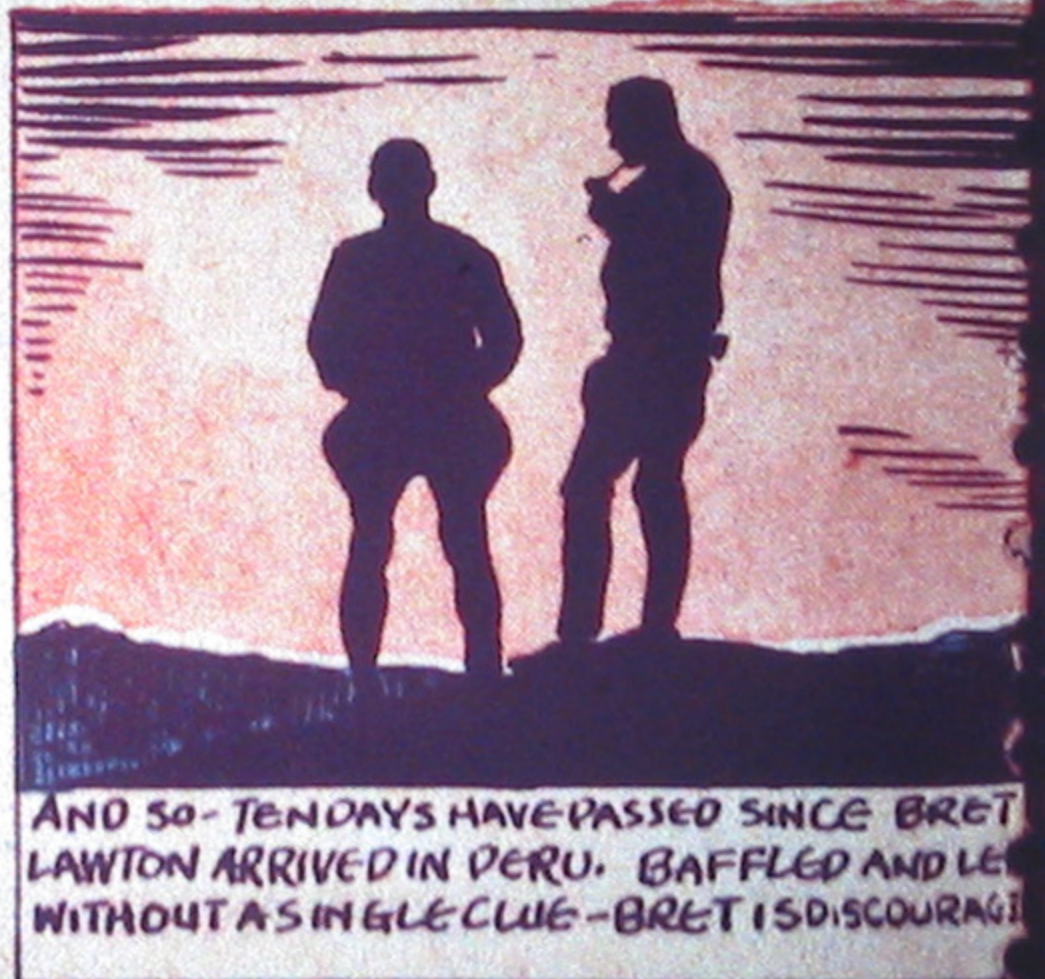


MASTER, MASTER! HE IS DEAD! MURDERED BY THE GODS —!!



ANOTHER MURDER! TOM, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE IT GETS US.

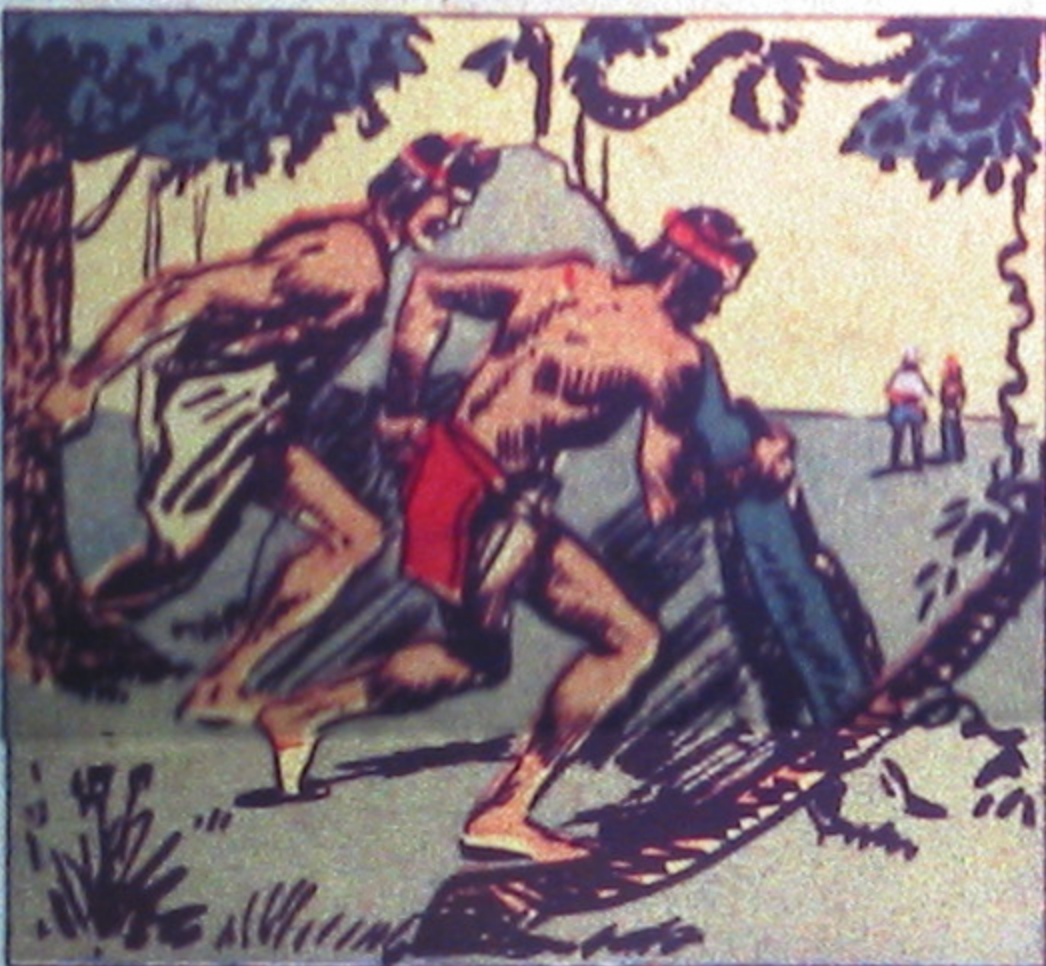
THAT MAKES 8 MEN I HAVE LOST, BRET.



AND SO — TEN DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE BRET LAWTON ARRIVED IN PERU. BAFFLED AND LEAVING WITHOUT A SINGLE CLUE — BRET IS DISCOURAGED.



MEANWHILE—





TANTA, THEY GOT  
YOU TOO?

UGH- ME DIE-  
FEEL SLEEPY,  
BEST, I --



TANTA-DEAD. AND  
KILLED RIGHT BE-  
FORE ME. BUT HOW?

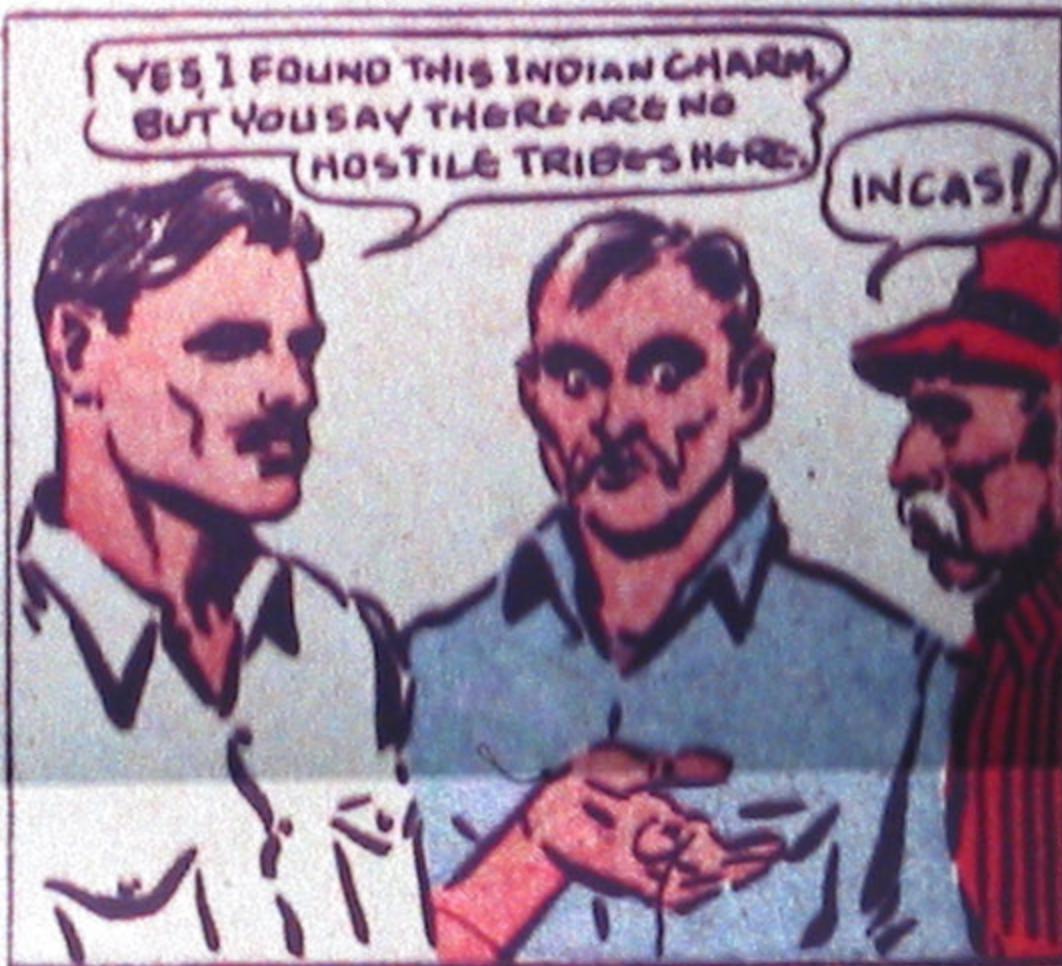


MY GOSH BEST, DIDNT.  
YOU EVEN GOT A CLUE?



YES, I FOUND THIS INDIAN CHARM,  
BUT YOU SAY THERE ARE NO  
HOSTILE TRIBES HERE.

INCAS!



MAYBE, OLD PEDRO KNOWS  
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?

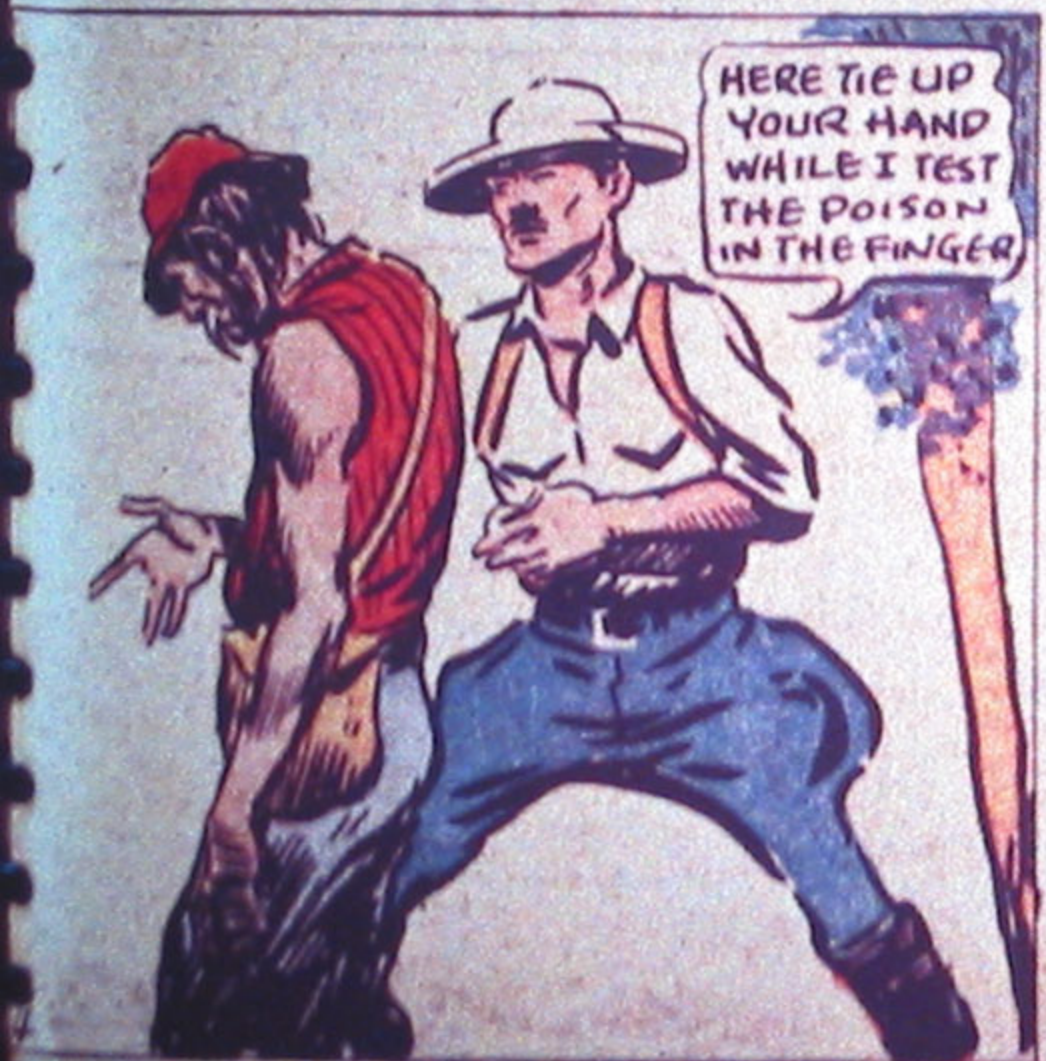
NO INCAS AROUND  
HERE. THEY ALL GONE.



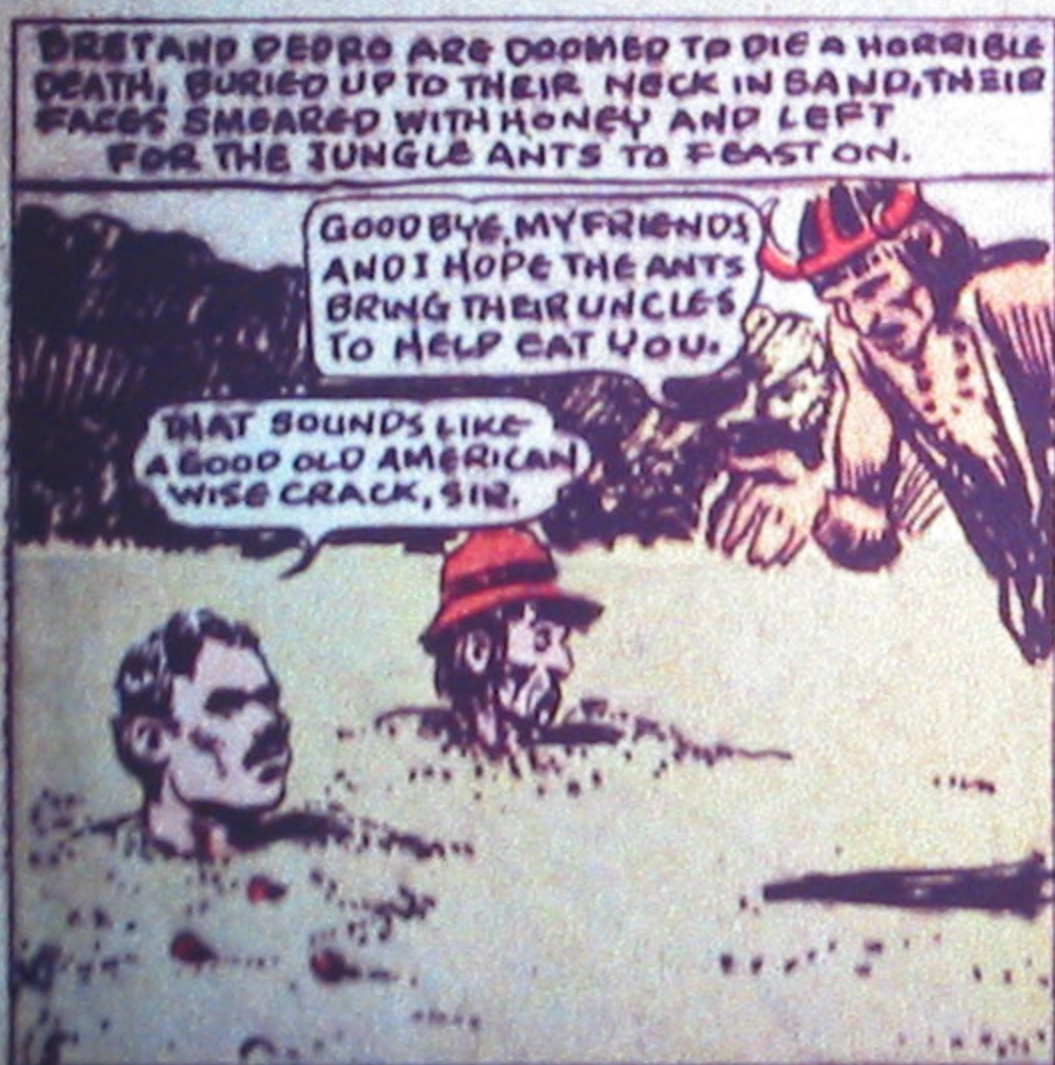
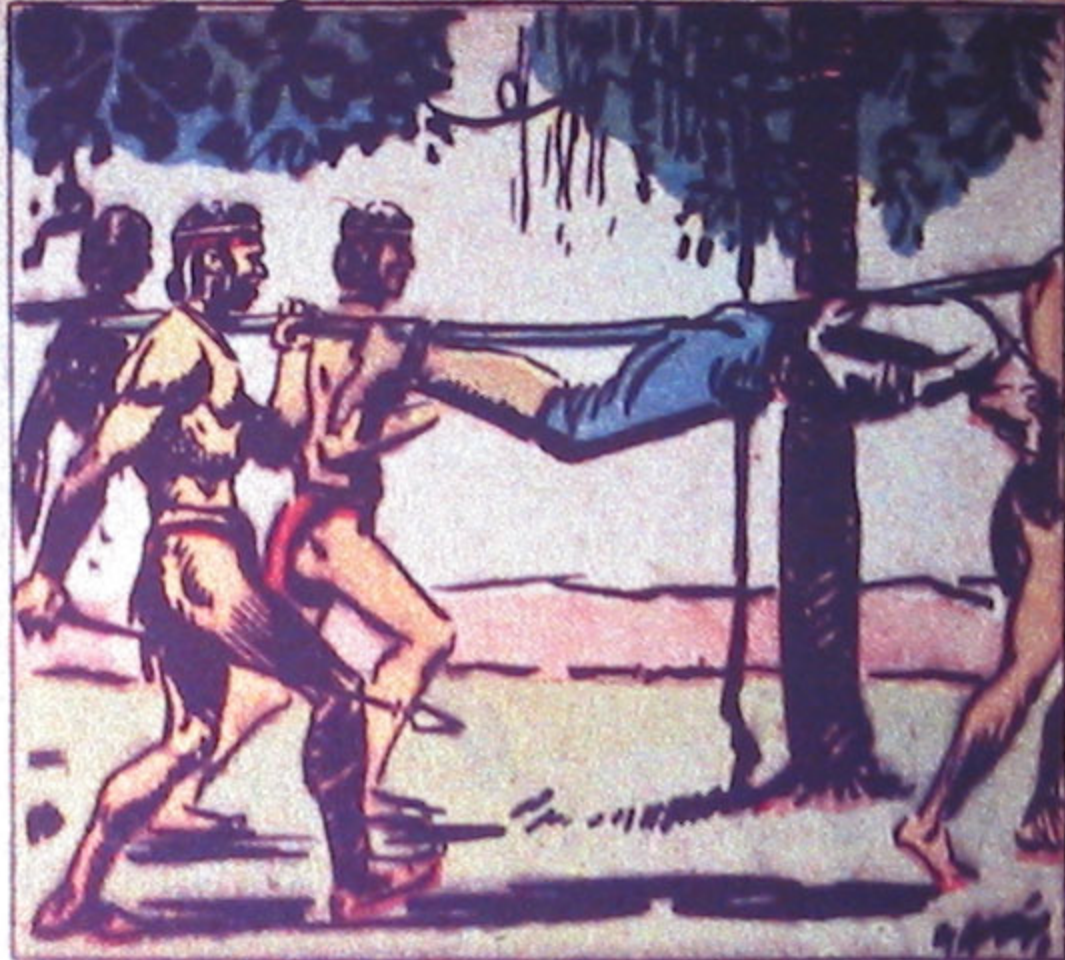
SI, SENOR, MY GRANDFATHER, HE WAS AN  
INCAS CHIEF. THE TRIBE IS NO MORE - ALL DIE  
OR WORKING GOLD MINES - CHARM NO GOOD.  
MEAN MY FATHER'S GODS ARE ANGRY.



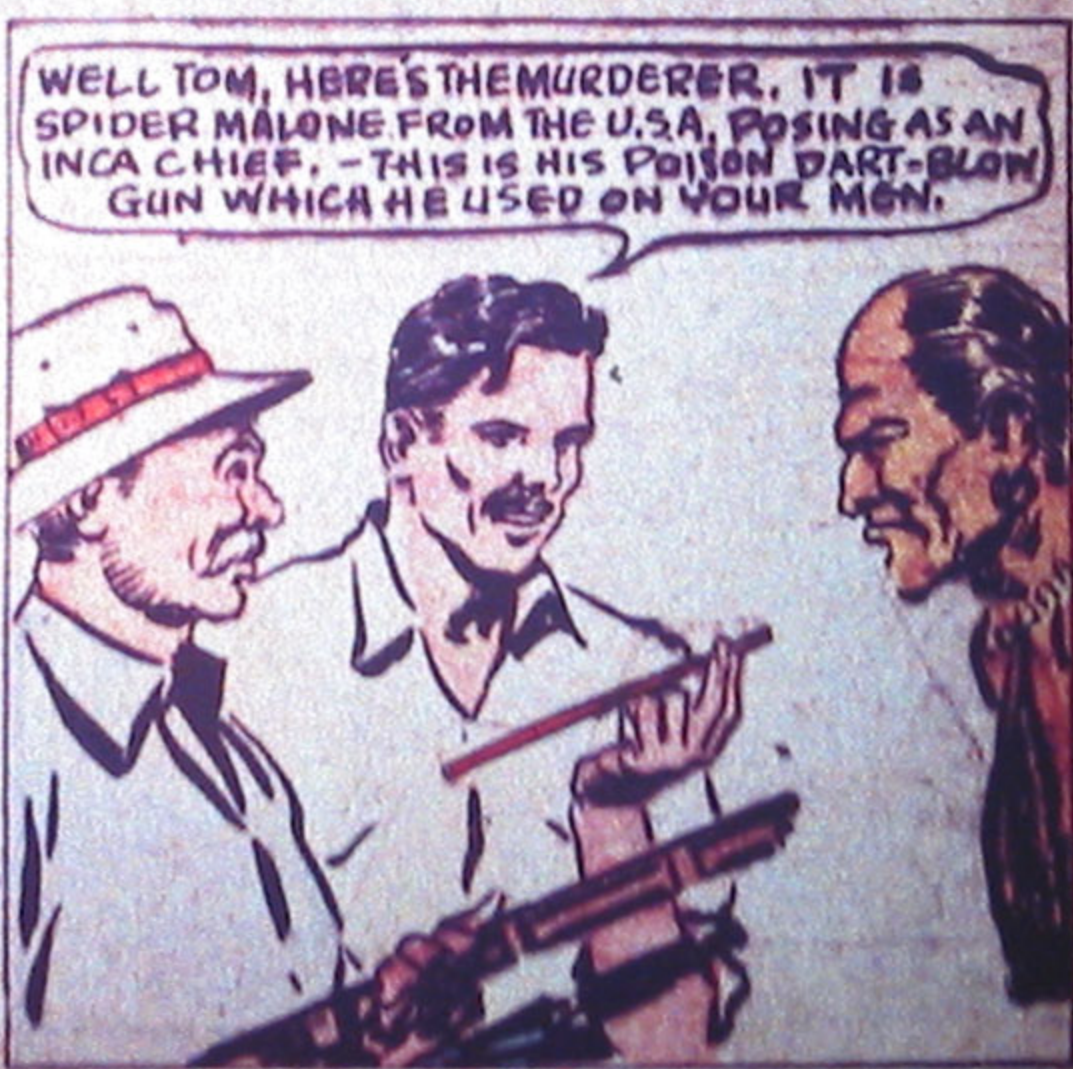
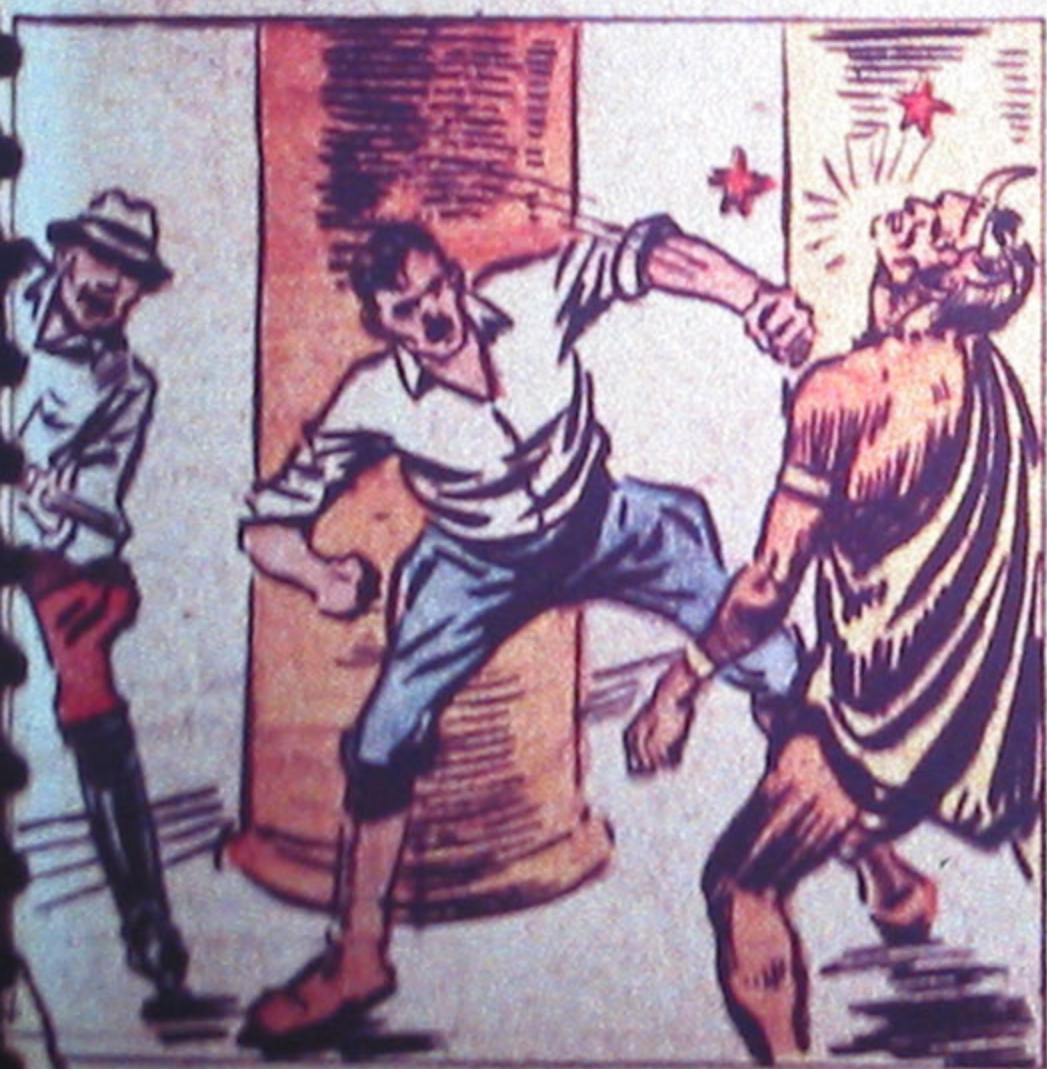














# ROOM FIFTEEN

By ALGER

ROOM,  
PLEASE!

A FELLOW WHO  
SIGNED HIMSELF "WHITE"  
CHECKED IN AT THE  
HOOPER ONE NITE

HOOPER  
HOTEL

FUSSY  
OL' GUY!

WHEN QUITE A FEW ROOMS  
HE HAD SEEN  
HE SAID, "YOU MAY  
GIVE ME 'FIFTEEN' -

ROOM 15

O.K.  
MR.  
WHITE!

"I'LL KEEP IT FOR  
ONLY A DAY -  
BUT HOLD FOR A  
FRIEND OF MINE,  
GRAY"

NEXT DAY, AS WAS  
PROMISED BY WHITE,  
FRIEND GRAY TOOK  
'FIFTEEN' FOR THE  
NIGHT -

ROOM,  
PLIZ!

NEXT EVE, SAYING  
"I'M LEAVING TOWN",  
GRAY HAD OL'  
"FIFTEEN" HELD  
FOR BROWN !!

O.K.  
MR.  
GRAY!

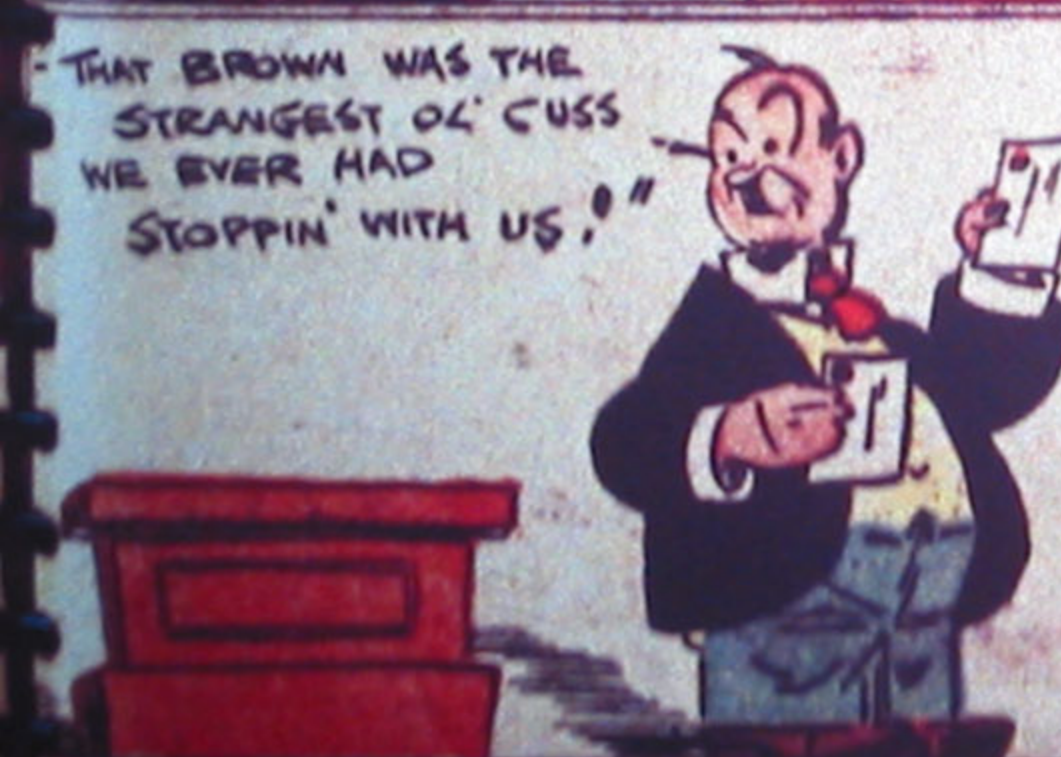
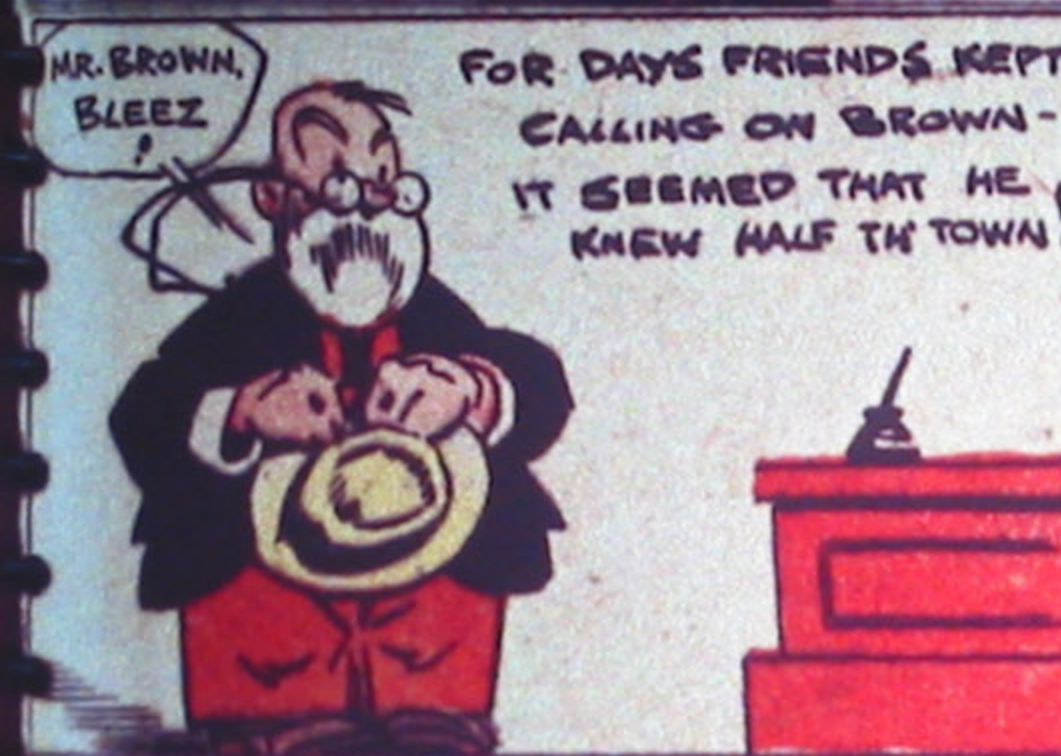
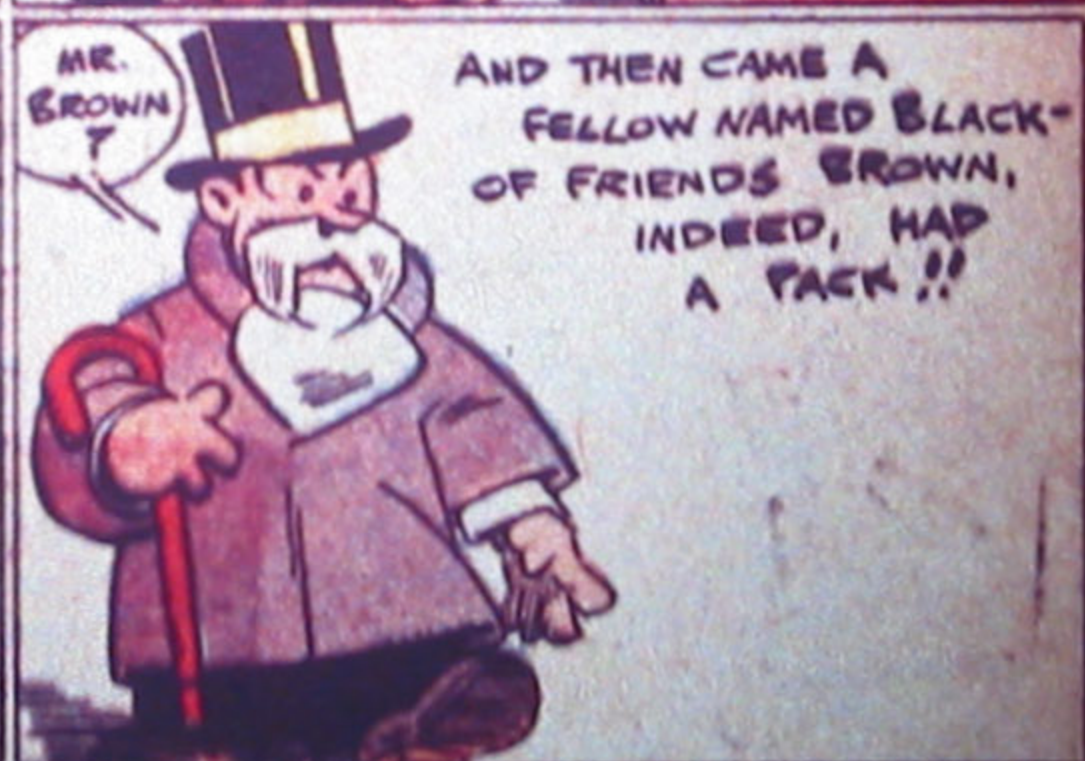
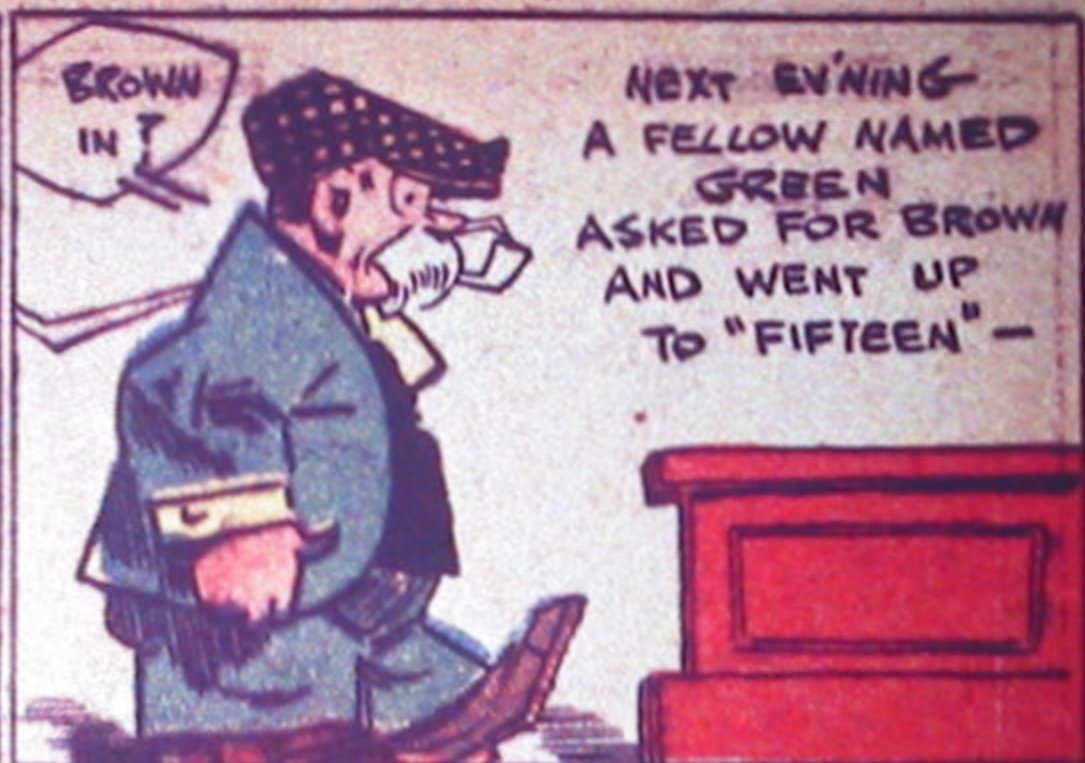
ROOM,  
SIR!

AND-SURE ENUFF-BROWN  
MOVE IN VIEW  
TO OCCUPY ROOM  
FIFTEEN, TOO!

CERT'NLY,  
MR.  
BROWN  
!

SAID BROWN - "SINCE OLD  
FRIENDS BY THE PILE  
WILL CALL - I'LL STAY "  
ON FOR A WHILE







THE DAY CLERK, JUST  
LEAVING, O'ERHEARD  
HIS BROTHER CLERK'S  
EVERY WORD -



- AND SAID, "WHATCHA  
MEAN WHEN YUH SAY,  
'OL' BROWN 'N' 'OL' WHITE  
'N' 'OL' GRAY'?"



"THEY ALL TURNED THEIR  
KEYS IN TO ME  
AND NOT ONE WAS OLD.  
YOU'D AGREE!"



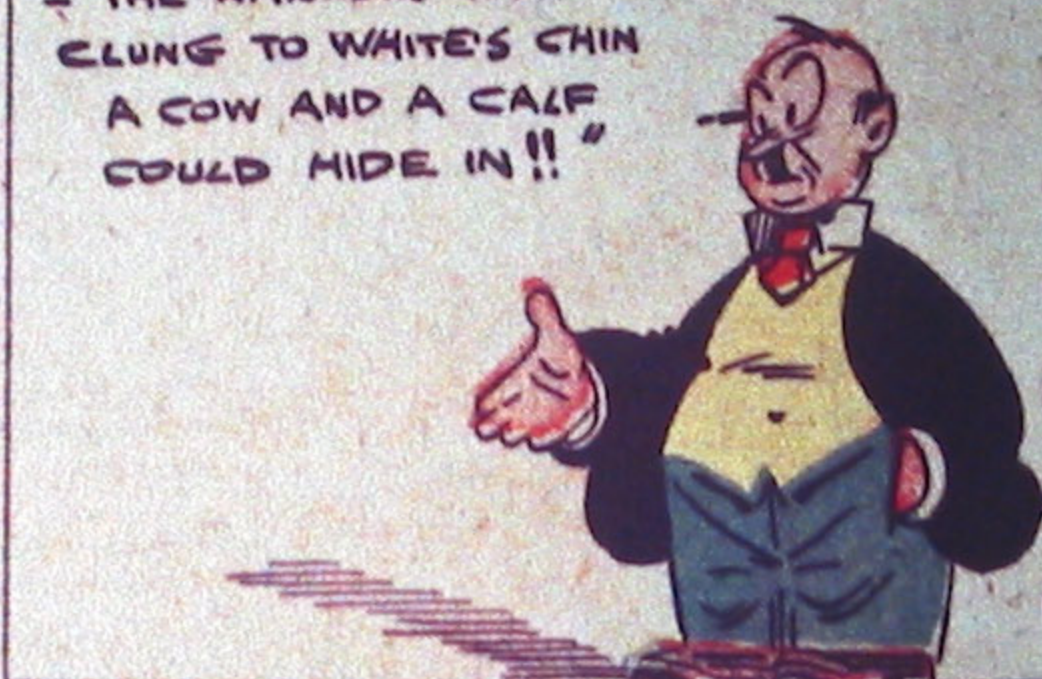
THE NIGHT CLERK SAID,  
"OL' GRAY'S GOATEE  
WAS STYLISH IN "  
SEVENTY-THREE" -



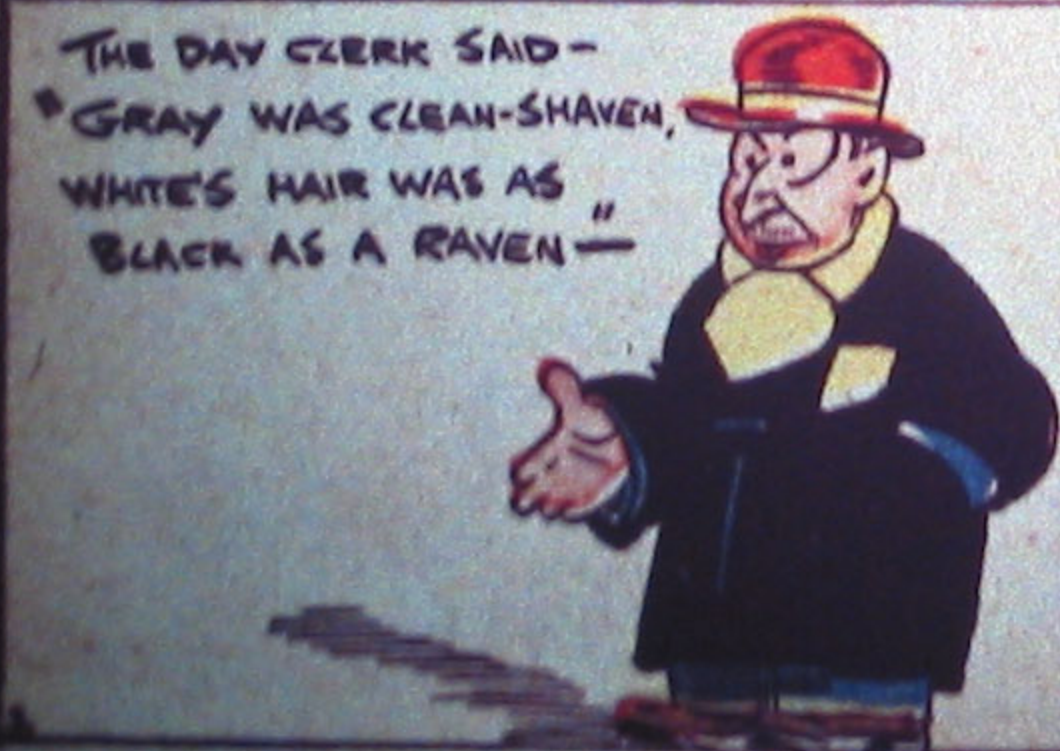
- "THE MUTTON CHOPS  
HANGING ON BROWN  
WERE TOPS WHEN  
THEY FOUNDED  
THIS TOWN!"



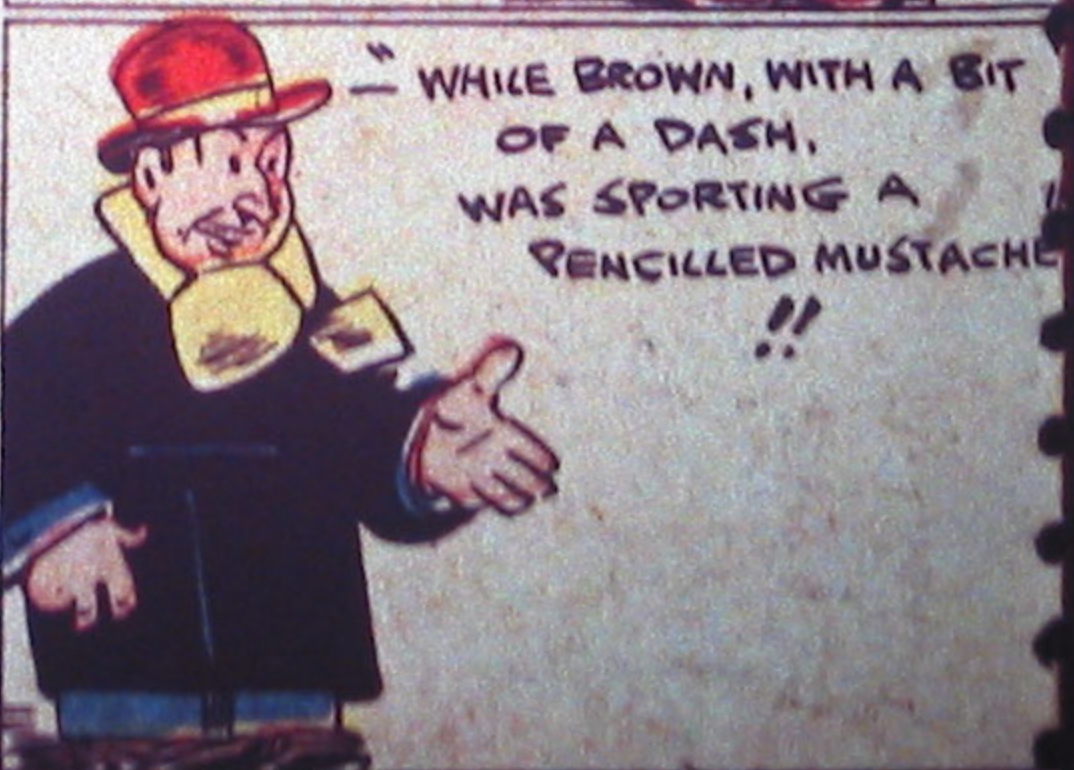
- "THE WHISKERS THAT  
CLUNG TO WHITE'S CHIN  
A COW AND A CALF  
COULD HIDE IN!!"



THE DAY CLERK SAID -  
"GRAY WAS CLEAN-SHAVEN,  
WHITE'S HAIR WAS AS  
BLACK AS A RAVEN -"



- "WHILE BROWN, WITH A BIT  
OF A DASH,  
WAS SPORTING A  
PENCILLED MUSTACHE  
!!"

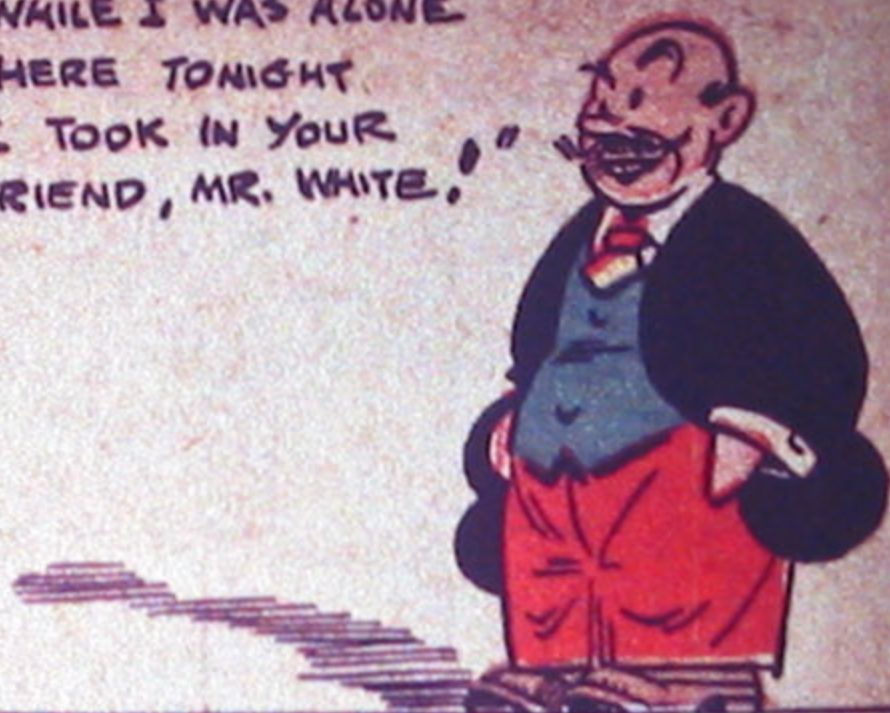




THE MANAGER, LIS'NING,  
NOW SAID -  
"WELL-BOYS- THIS 'LL KNOCK  
YUH BOTH DEAD" -



"WHILE I WAS ALONE  
HERE TONIGHT  
I TOOK IN YOUR  
FRIEND, MR. WHITE."



"AND, NIGHT CLERK,  
YOU WIN TH' DISPUTE  
FOR MR. WHITE'S  
BEARD IS A BEAUT"



"THAT ISN'T CONVINCING  
TO ME,"  
SAID TH' DAY CLERK,  
"LET'S GO UP AND  
SEE!"



COME  
IN,  
BOYS!  
AND HERE IS WHAT  
GREETED THEIR SIGHT -  
THE DAY CLERK  
SAID, "SEE! I  
WAS RIGHT!!"



THE GUEST SAID, "TO  
DAY CLERKS I'M WHITE -  
BUT WHITE WEARS  
THESE WHISKERS  
AT NIGHT" -



"I'VE OTHER WILD WHISKERS AROUND  
FOR USE WHEN I'M GRAY  
OR OL' BROWN -  
OR WHEN, HAVING  
CLIMBED OUT TH' BACK,  
I COME IN THE  
FRONT DOOR  
AS BLACK!" -



"YOUR BOSS SAID  
IT COULDN'T BE  
DONE -  
WE POSTED A BET -  
JUS' FOR FUN -  
AND NOW - IF YOU DO  
NOT OBJECT -  
I'LL TODDLE  
DOWN STAIRS  
AND COLLECT"

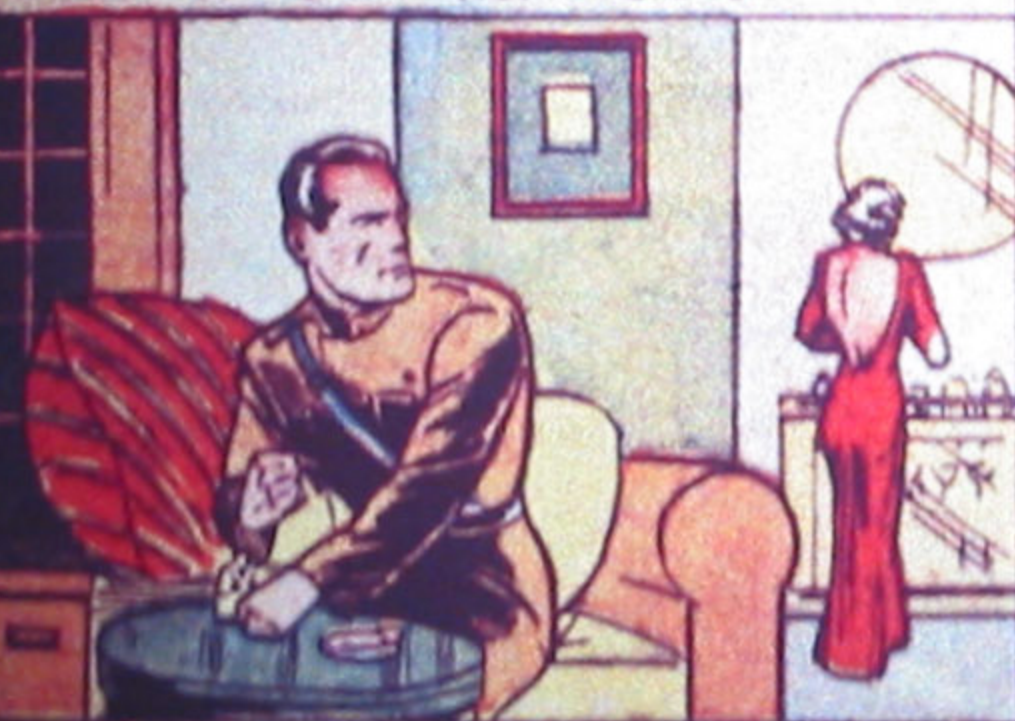




# SPY

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

ACTING UPON A HUNCH, BART REGAN  
POCKETS A SMALL BRONZE FIGURE WHILE  
OLGA BAUNOFF IS NOT LOOKING



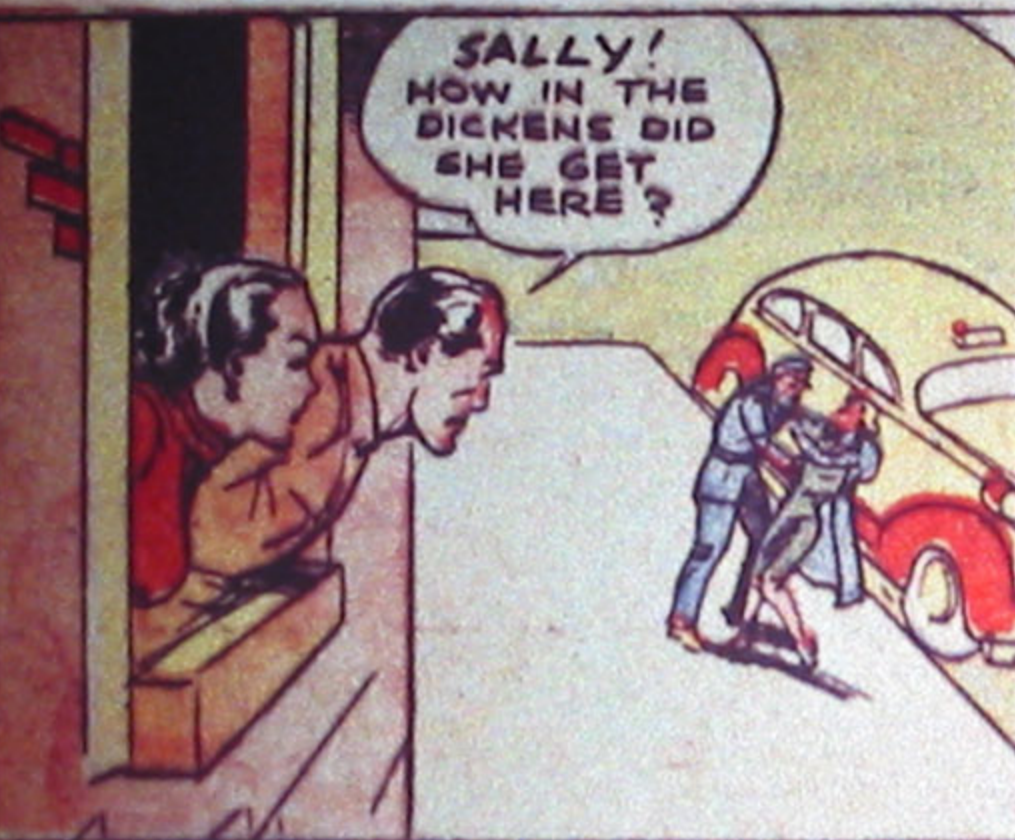
JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO DOWN THE  
DRUGGED DRINK

TO -- US!

WHAT'S  
THAT!



SALLY!  
HOW IN THE  
DICKENS DID  
SHE GET  
HERE?

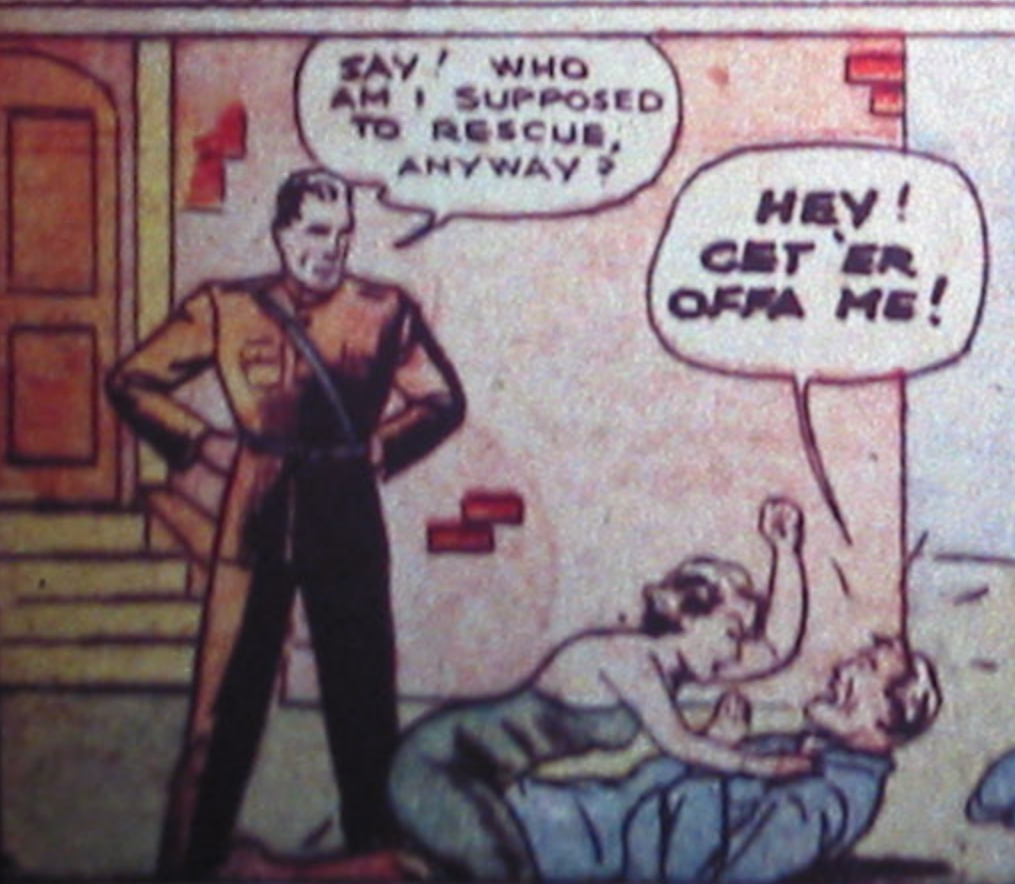


LEAVE IT TO  
HER TO GUM  
THINGS UP!



SAY! WHO  
AM I SUPPOSED  
TO RESCUE,  
ANYWAY?

HEY!  
GET 'ER  
OFFA ME!

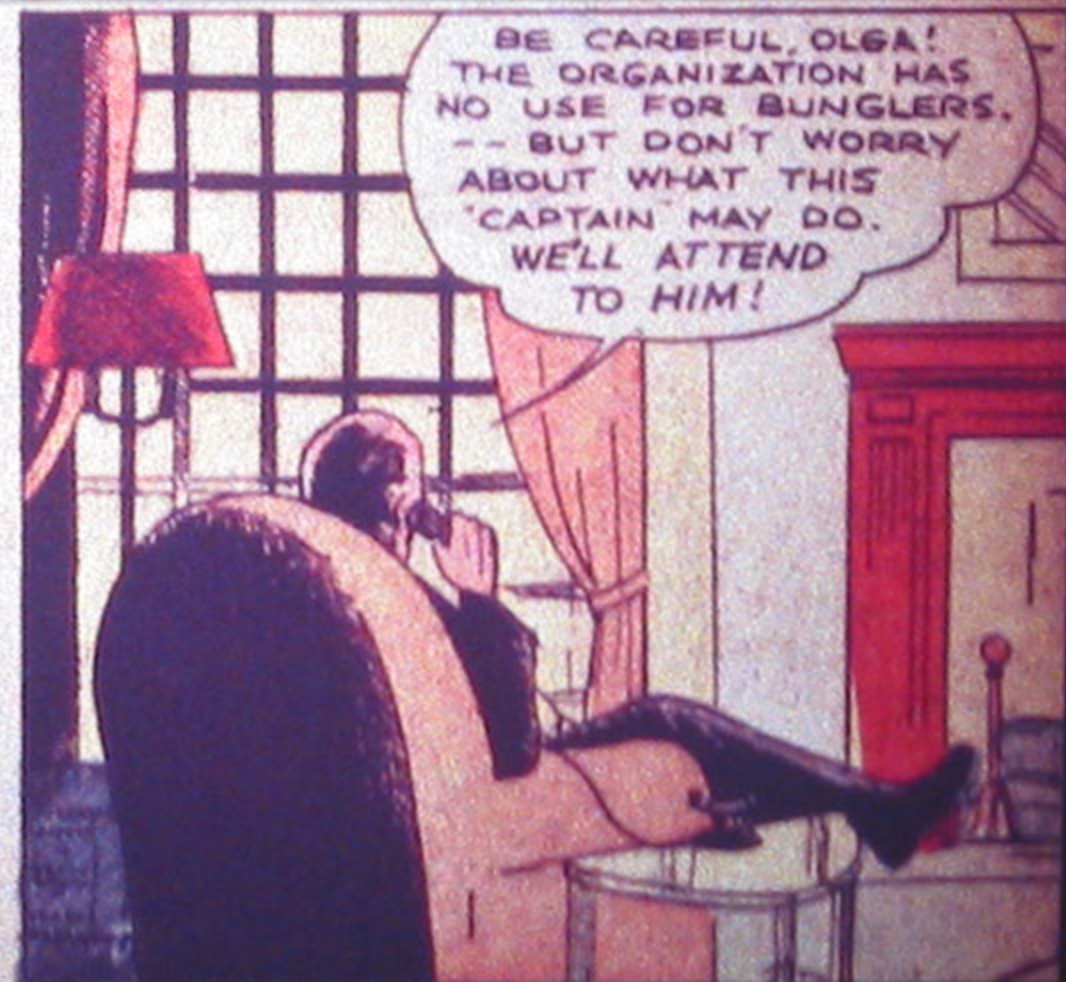
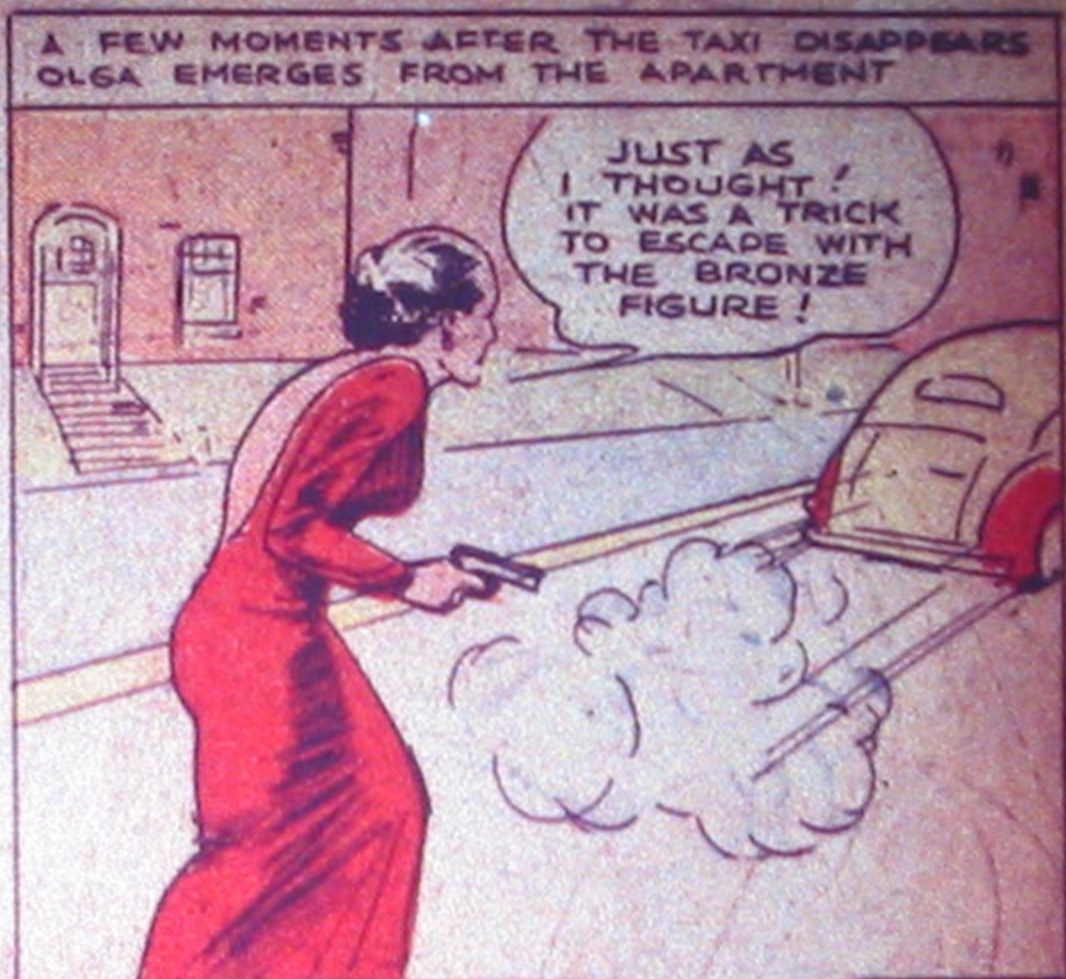
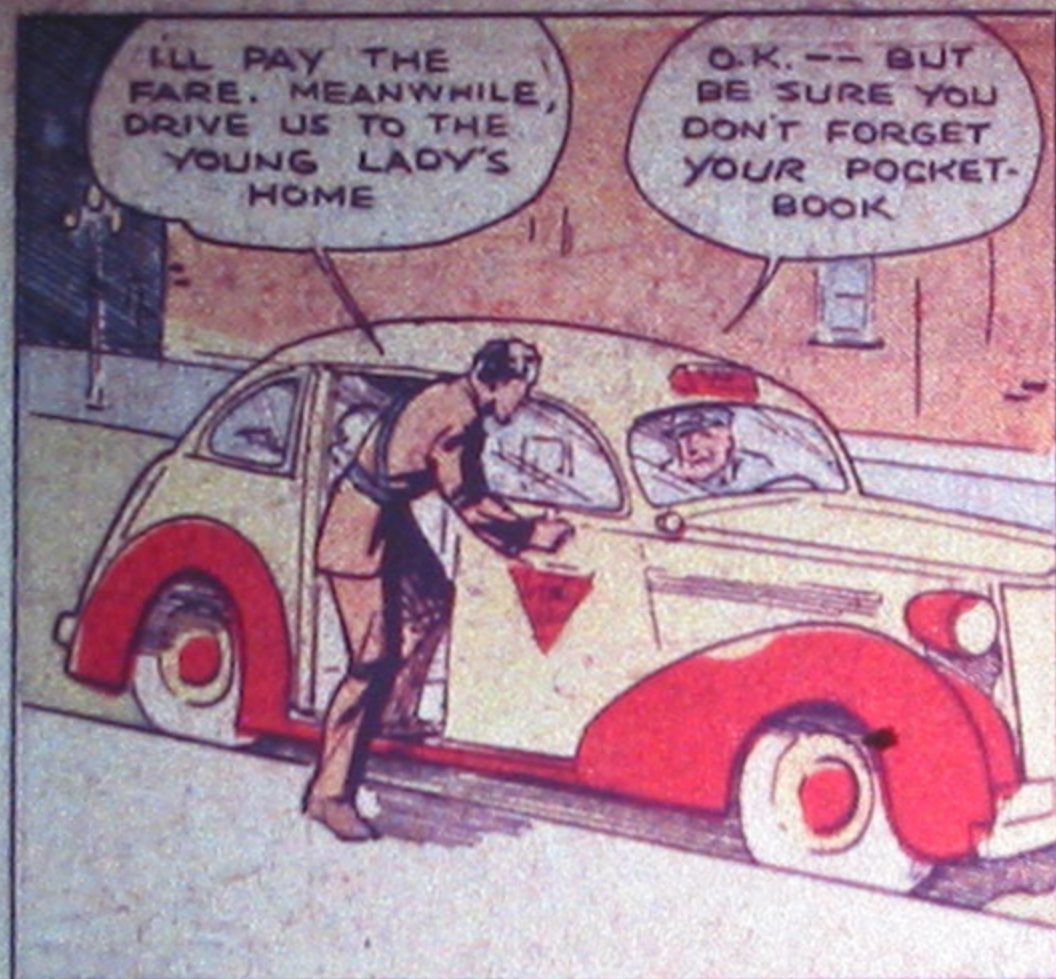


WITHIN THE APARTMENT, OLGA DISCOVERS --

THE BRONZE FIGURE!  
-- IT'S GONE! --  
A VERY CLEVER  
TRICK, MY DEAR  
CAPTAIN, BUT I  
WON'T LET YOU  
GET AWAY  
WITH IT!









THANKS FOR  
DRIVING ME HOME.  
-- WHEN WILL I  
SEE YOU AGAIN?

NEVER,  
IF I CAN  
HELP IT!

IF THAT'S THE WAY  
YOU FEEL--ALL RIGHT!  
I'LL TEACH YOU A  
LESSON YOU'LL  
NEVER FORGET!

IN A FIT OF ANGER, SALLY CALLS AN OLD  
SUITOR

COME OVER AT  
ONCE, PHIL! I HAVE  
SOMETHING TO  
TELL YOU!

BUT --  
SO SOON!!  
WHAT WILL  
PEOPLE THINK?

YOU HEARD ME,  
PHIL! I'LL MARRY  
YOU TOMORROW  
AFTERNOON OR  
NOT AT ALL!

BART SPENDS  
HOURS  
ATTEMPTING  
TO RATHOM  
THE  
MYSTERY  
OF THE  
BRONZE  
FIGURE  
BUT IN  
VAIN!

IT CERTAINLY IS CURIOUS!!  
LOOKS EGYPTIAN! THERE ARE  
HIEROGLYPHICS SCRAWLED  
ALL OVER IT! STILL, I'VE GOT  
A PREMONITION THERE'S  
MORE TO THIS BRONZE  
FIGURE THAN MEETS  
THE EYE!



NEXT DAY, BART IS STUNNED TO READ  
IN THE MORNING PAPER OF SALLY'S  
APPROACHING MARRIAGE

I DROVE HER TO  
IT! BUT WHAT ELSE  
COULD I DO?  
I—I HOPE SHE'LL  
BE HAPPY!



GOOD  
HEAVENS!  
WHAT'S SALLY  
CRYING FOR?

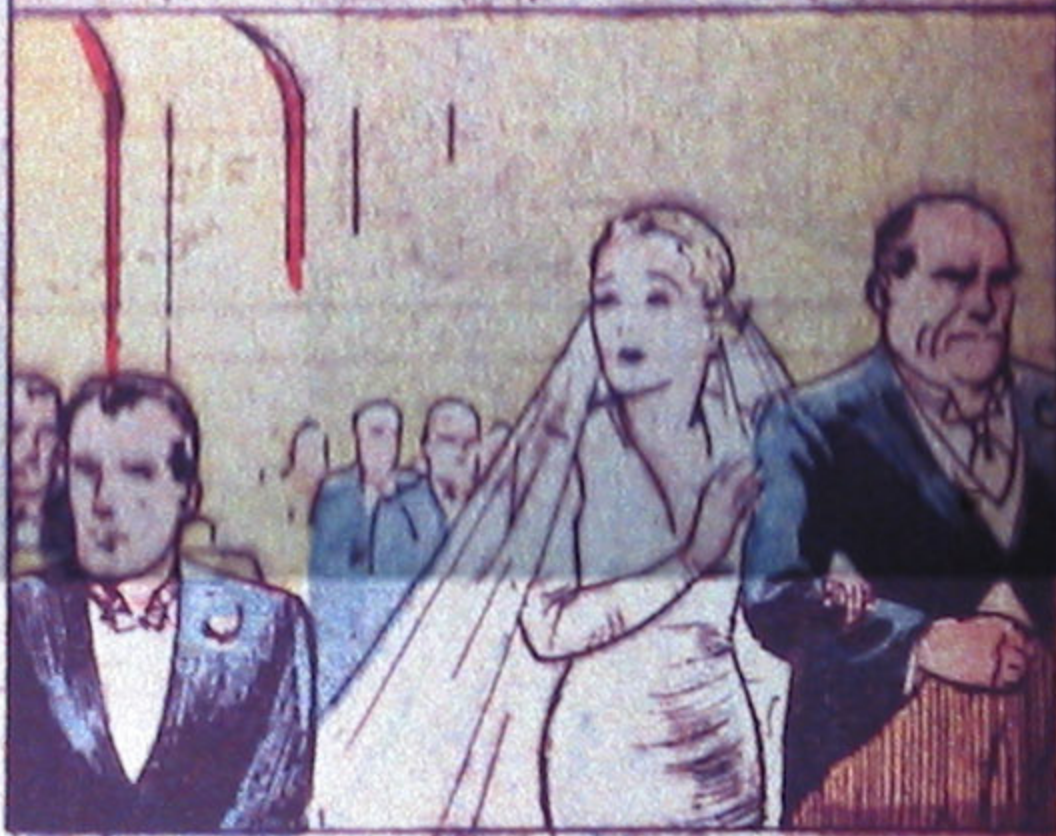
WEREN'T YOU EVER  
A BRIDES-MAID  
BEFORE? THOSE  
ARE TEARS OF  
HAPPINESS,  
SILLY!



BART CAN NOT RESIST THE URGE TO  
ATTEND THE WEDDING. HE SLIPS UN-  
NOTICED, INTO CHURCH



AS THE WEDDING MARCH COMMENCES SALLY  
CATCHES BART'S EYE AND THROWS HIM  
AN APPEALING GLANCE — HE TURNS  
HIS HEAD AWAY



DO YOU, PHILIP  
MARSDEN, TAKE  
THIS WOMAN TO  
BE YOUR LAW-  
FULLY WEDDED  
WIFE?

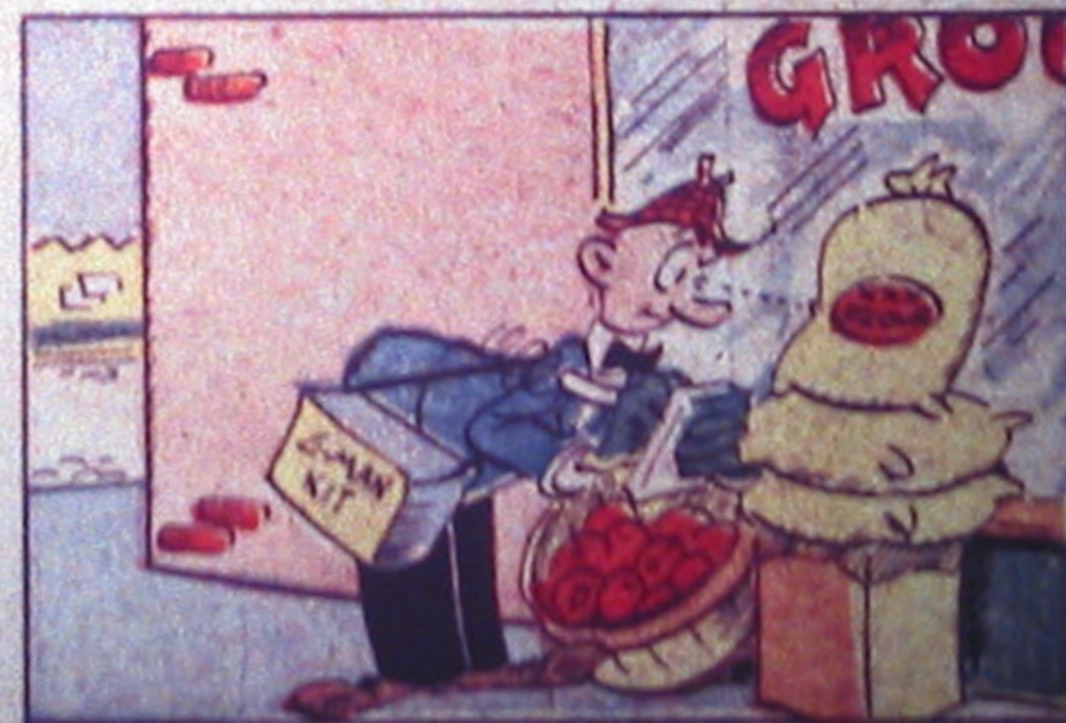
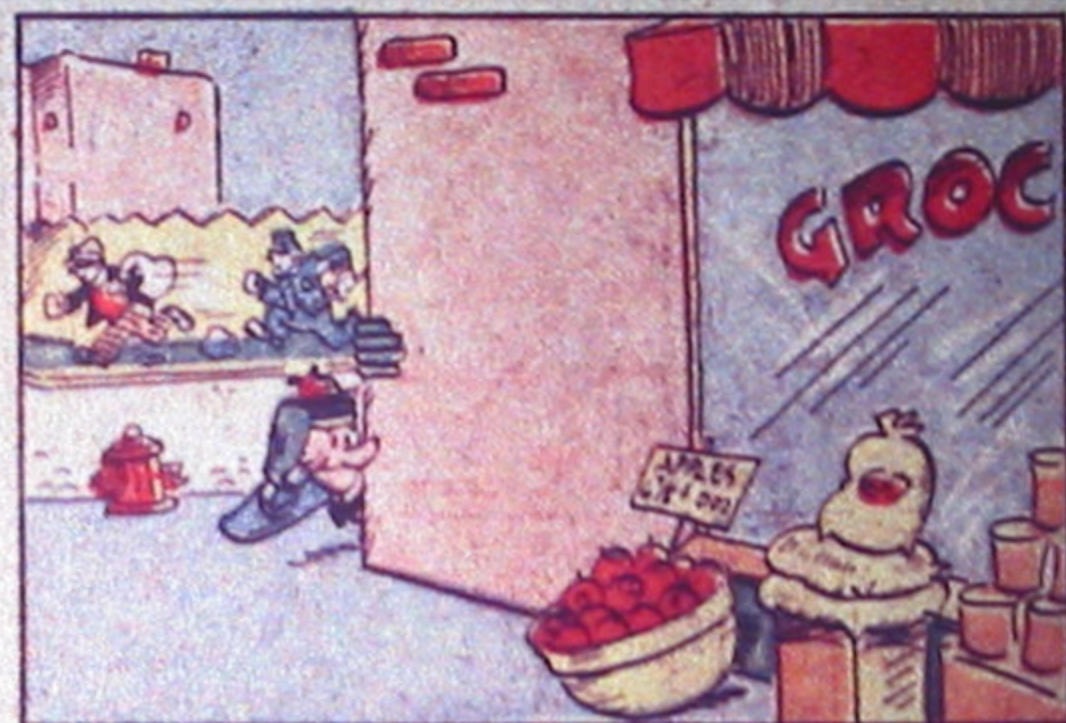
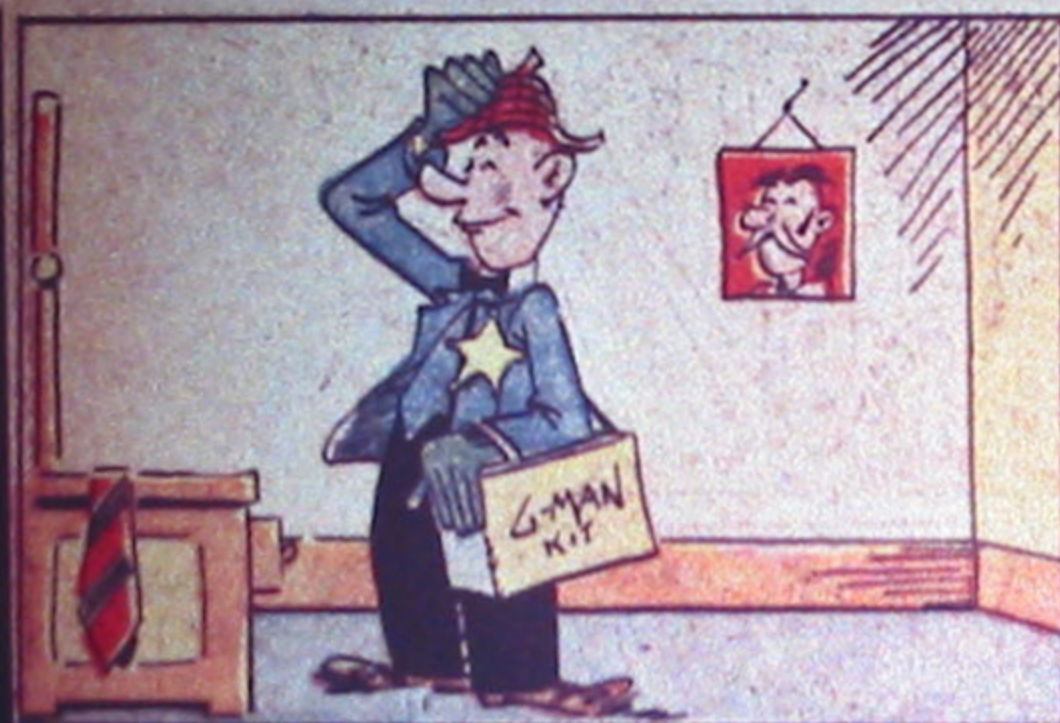
I DO!



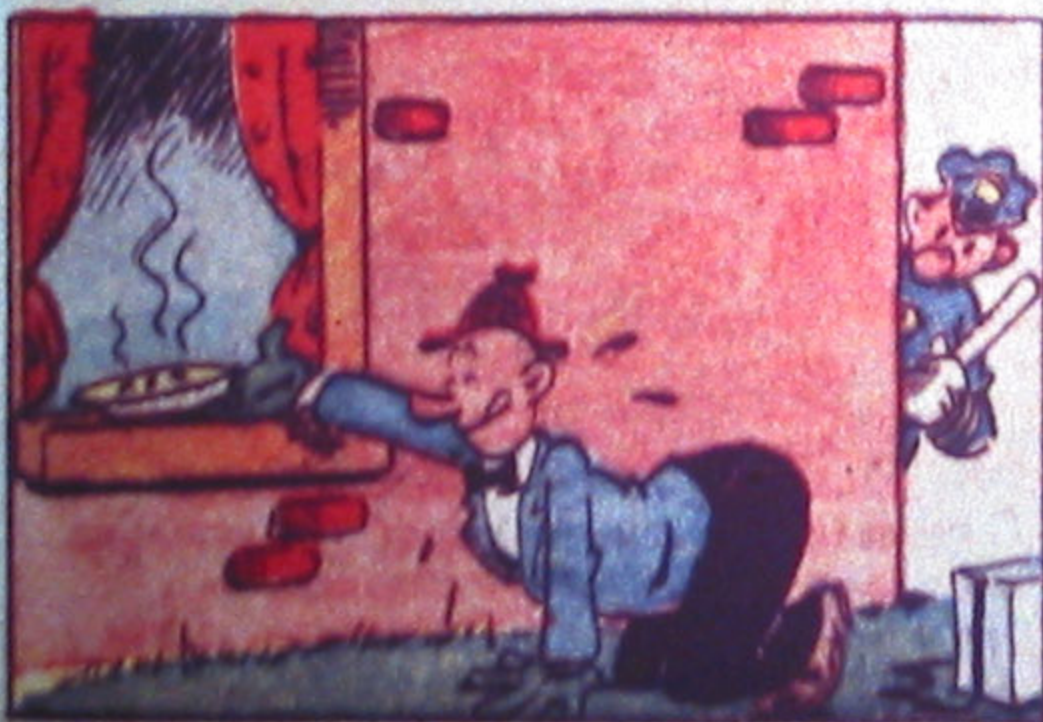
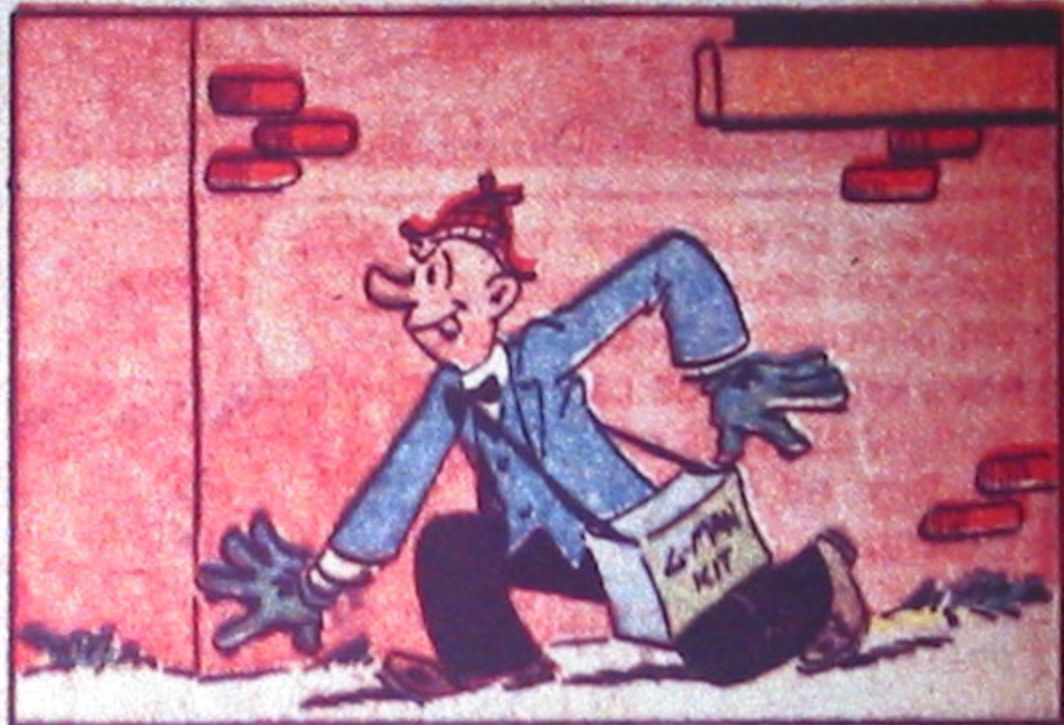
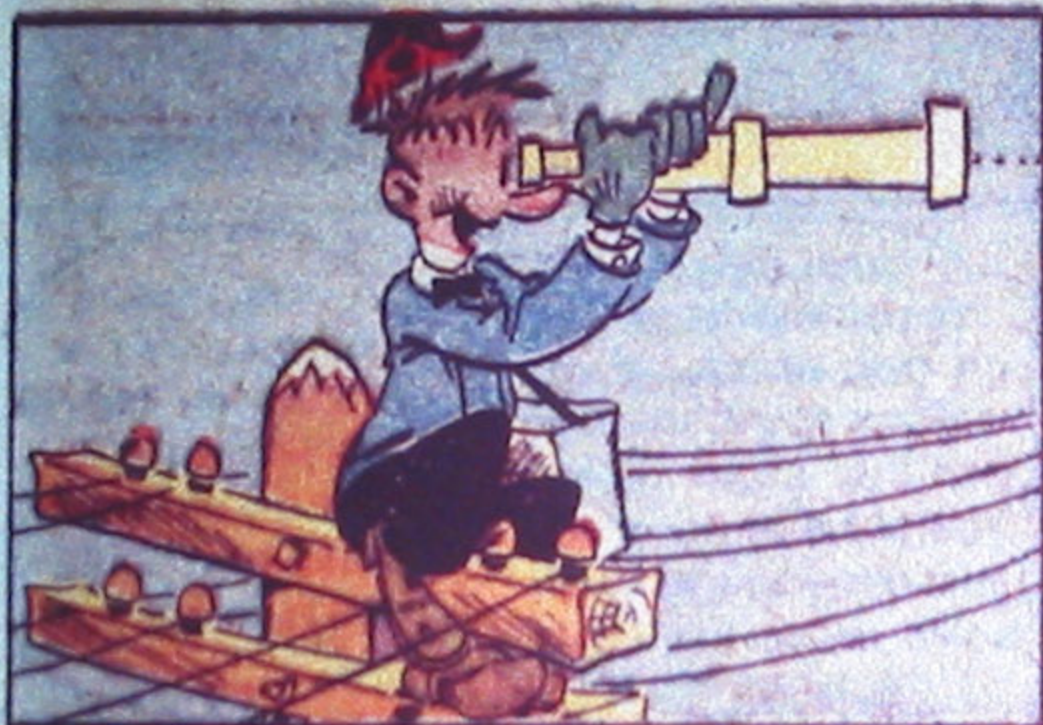
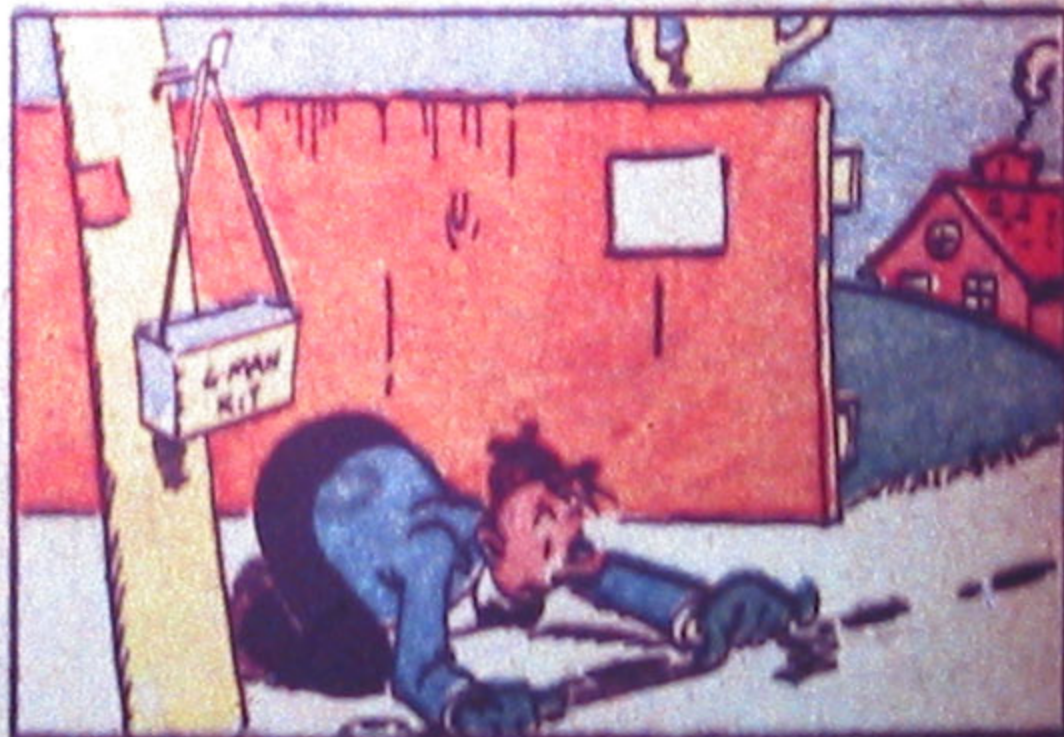
TO BE CONTINUED



# MAIL ORDER MURPHY





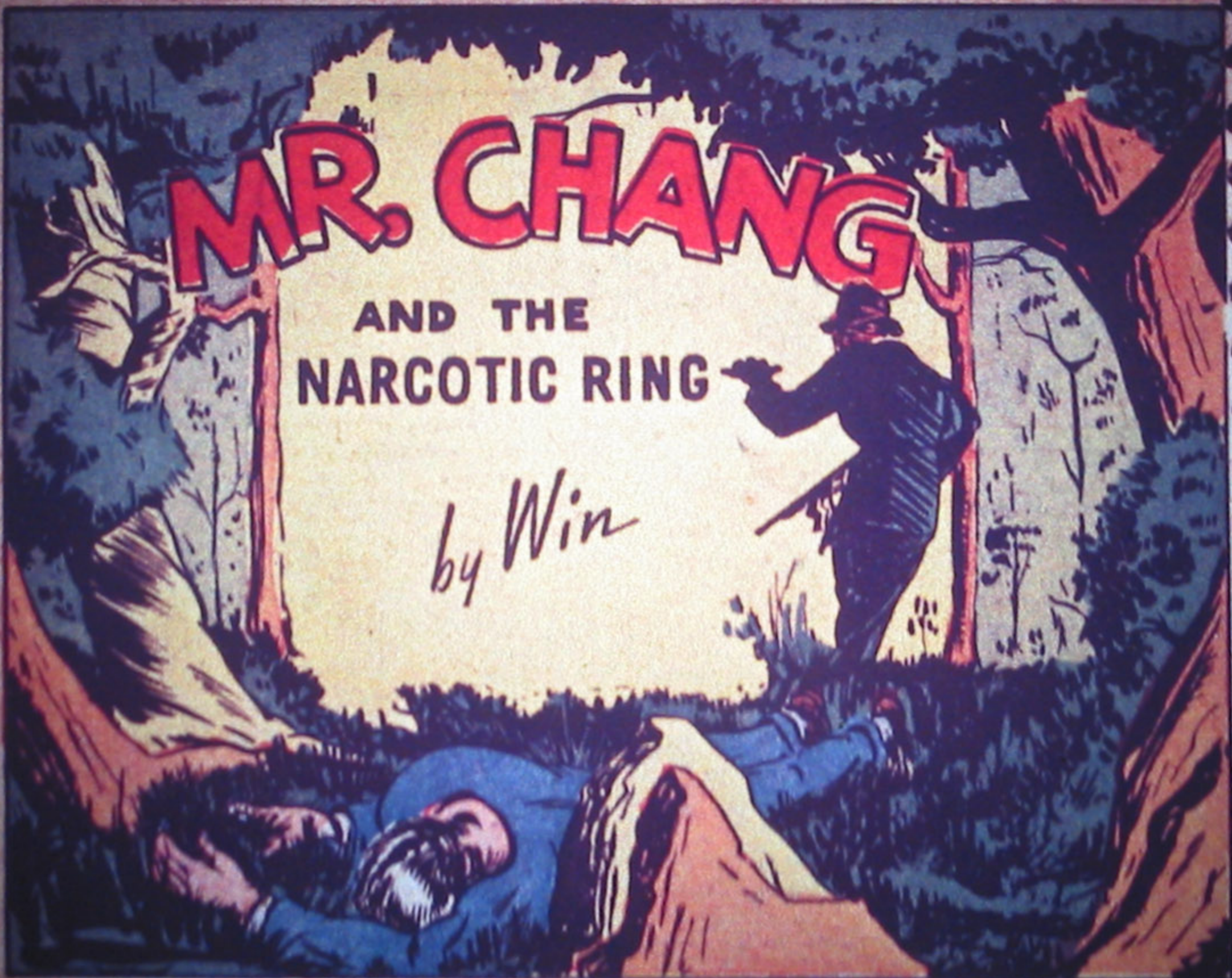




# MR. CHANG

## AND THE NARCOTIC RING

*by Win*



ANOTHER OF OUR BEST MEN  
HAS BEEN FOUND MURDERED!  
THE CAPTURE OF THIS NARCOTIC  
RING WILL NOT BE EASY —  
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS  
— BUT BE ON YOUR  
GUARD!



CHIEF OF DETECTIVES DANIELS, FACING THE  
MOST DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT OF HIS CAREER,  
GIVES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS MEN

GOSH, CHIEF,  
THE NEWSPAPERS ARE  
ON OUR NECKS... TWO  
REPORTERS ASSIGNED TO  
GET THE STORY ON THIS  
NARCOTIC GANG ARE  
MISSING — I'M AFRAID  
SOME HARM HAS COME  
TO THEM —

YES, I KNOW,  
THAT'S WHY I'M  
CALLING ON CHANG.  
HE'S HELPED ME  
A LOT ON PREVIOUS  
CASES THAT HAVE  
BAFFLED ME —



DANIELS DECIDES TO ENLIST THE SERVICES  
OF CHANG — A WEALTHY ORIENTAL — A  
MASTER SLEUTH — WHOSE HOBBY IS THE  
SCIENCE OF CRIMINOLOGY



THE  
DETECTIVES  
ARRIVE AND  
ARE MET  
BY CHANG'S  
FAITHFUL  
MAN-  
SERVANT,  
WU

MASTER, HE  
COME PLITTY  
SOON

O.K.  
WE'LL WAIT



GREETINGS, MOST HONORABLE GUESTS.  
MY HUMBLE HOME IS HONORED BY YOUR  
PRESENCE!



CHANG, I'VE COME TO YOU  
AGAIN, THIS TIME TO HELP  
ME TRACK DOWN THIS  
NARCOTIC  
GANG



YES, INSPECTOR DANIELS, I AM AWARE OF THIS  
GRAVE DANGER. THIS HUMBLE PERSON WILL  
GLADLY OFFER  
HIS MEAGER  
EFFORTS



LATER  
THAT  
DAY  
CHANG  
GOES  
INTO  
ACTION

WU, BRING  
FORTH MY  
WEAPONS.

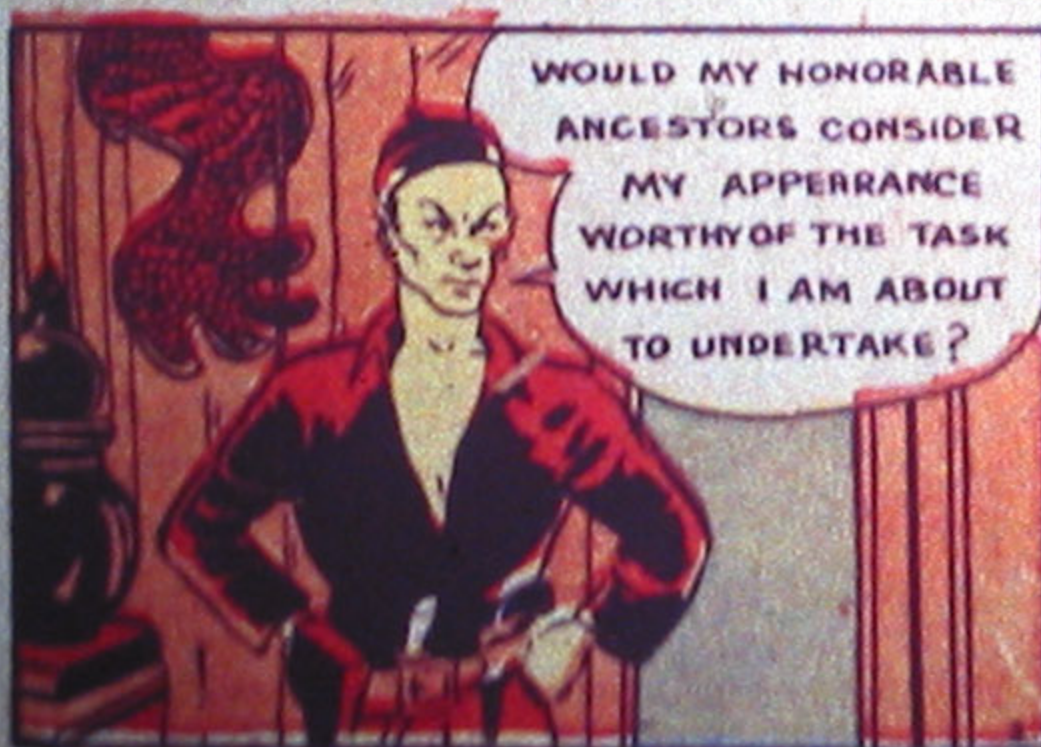
OH, MASTER,  
YOU, AGAIN,  
PURSUE EVIL-  
ONES?



THESE WEAPONS HAVE SERVED THEE  
WELL, MASTER, IN THE PAST. MAY THEY  
DO SO AGAIN IN THIS HOUR OF NEED...



WOULD MY HONORABLE  
ANCESTORS CONSIDER  
MY APPERANCE  
WORTHY OF THE TASK  
WHICH I AM ABOUT  
TO UNDERTAKE?



CHANG  
HURRIEDLY  
SEEKS  
OUT  
SING LO,  
A LAUNDRY  
MAN...  
A DOPE  
FIEND...

PERHAPS UNFORTUNATE  
LAUNDRY MAN, VICTIM  
OF DRUG, MAY  
PRESENT EN-  
LIGHTENING CLUE





CHANG  
FIRES  
HIS  
FIRST  
QUESTION  
POINT  
BLANK

SING LO —  
WHO SELLS  
YOU DOPE?

ME NO CAN  
TELL...



SPEAK! YOU EVIL-EYED  
SON OF SATAN, BEFORE MY  
FINGERS FIND REFUGE ON  
YOUR WORTHLESS NECK!



MERCY, OH MASTER!  
ME TELL! ME TELL!  
MESSENGER, HE COME  
SOON WITH OPIUM...



CHANG  
HIDES  
BEHIND  
THE  
CURTAIN,  
WATCHING  
THE  
SHADY  
TRANS-  
ACTION

O.K. CHINK,  
HERE'S YOUR SNOW



CHANG  
FOLLOWS  
THE AGENT  
OF THE  
NARCOTIC  
RING —  
HOPING  
TO FIND  
THEIR  
HIDEOUT

BEHOLD THIS EVIL DESCENDANT  
OF AN OCTOPUS AS HE LEADS  
ME TO HIS LAIR...



IN A  
DESERTED  
PART OF  
THE CITY,  
IN AN  
OLD,  
BATTERED  
HOUSE —  
THE  
GANG'S  
HIDEOUT



INSIDE,  
TWO  
CAPTIVE  
REPORTERS  
AWAIT  
THEIR  
DOOM...

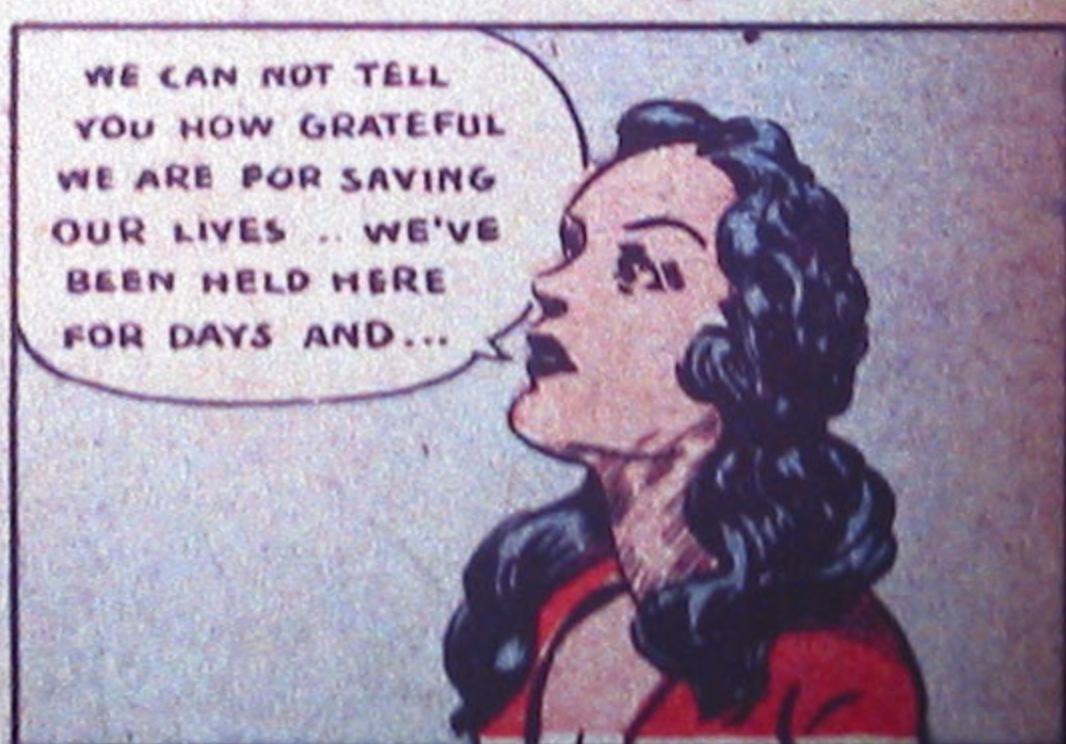
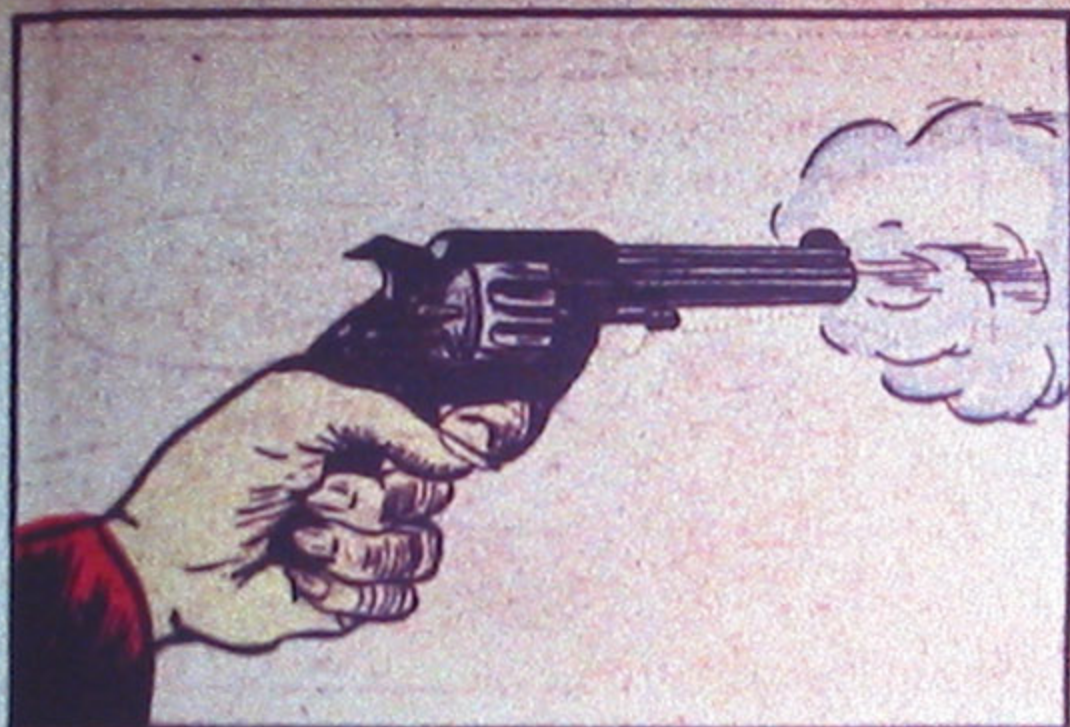
BE CALM — WE'LL GET  
OUT OF THIS MESS  
SOMEHOW....



YOU REPORTERS KNOW TOO MUCH —  
I GOT ORDERS TO RUB YOU TWO OUT —  
HERE GOES....







CHANG  
FREES THE  
TWO  
CAPTIVE  
REPORTERS  
AND  
SEEKS A  
FREE  
EXIT



SURPRISED  
SUDDENLY  
BY THE  
GANGSTERS,  
THEIR  
ESCAPE  
IS CUT  
OFF...





GREATLY OUTNUMBERED  
CHANG BRINGS INTO  
PLAY HIS OWN SECRET  
STUNNING RAY....



QUICK, STAND BACK!  
I WILL HANDLE THEM—

LET ME SMACK  
A COUPLE OF 'EM!

BUT THE EFFECT  
IS ONLY TEMPORARY  
AND THE GANG  
CHARGES AGAIN!  
A HAND TO HAND  
BATTLE ENSUES...



WITH HERCULEAN  
STRENGTH CHANG  
PICKS UP HIS FIRST  
OPPONENT AND HURLS  
HIM UPON THE OTHERS

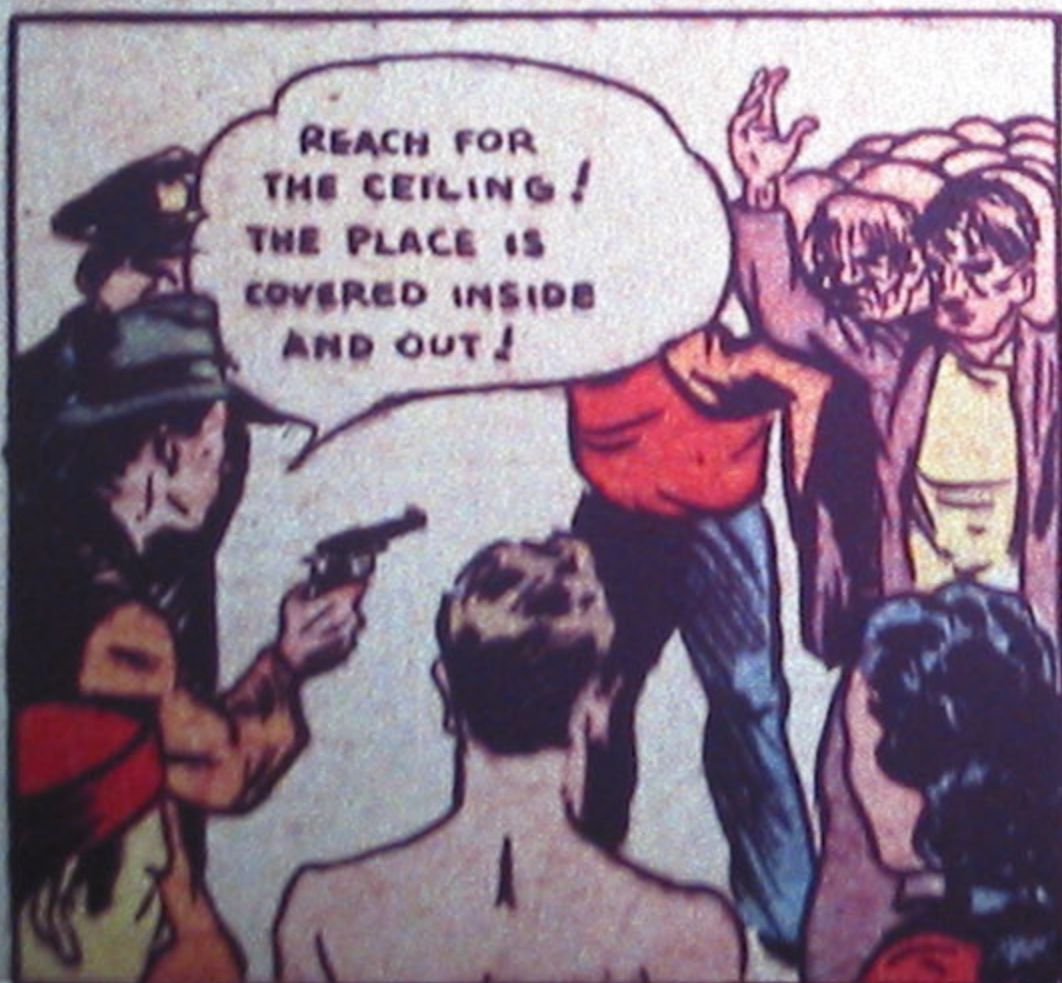




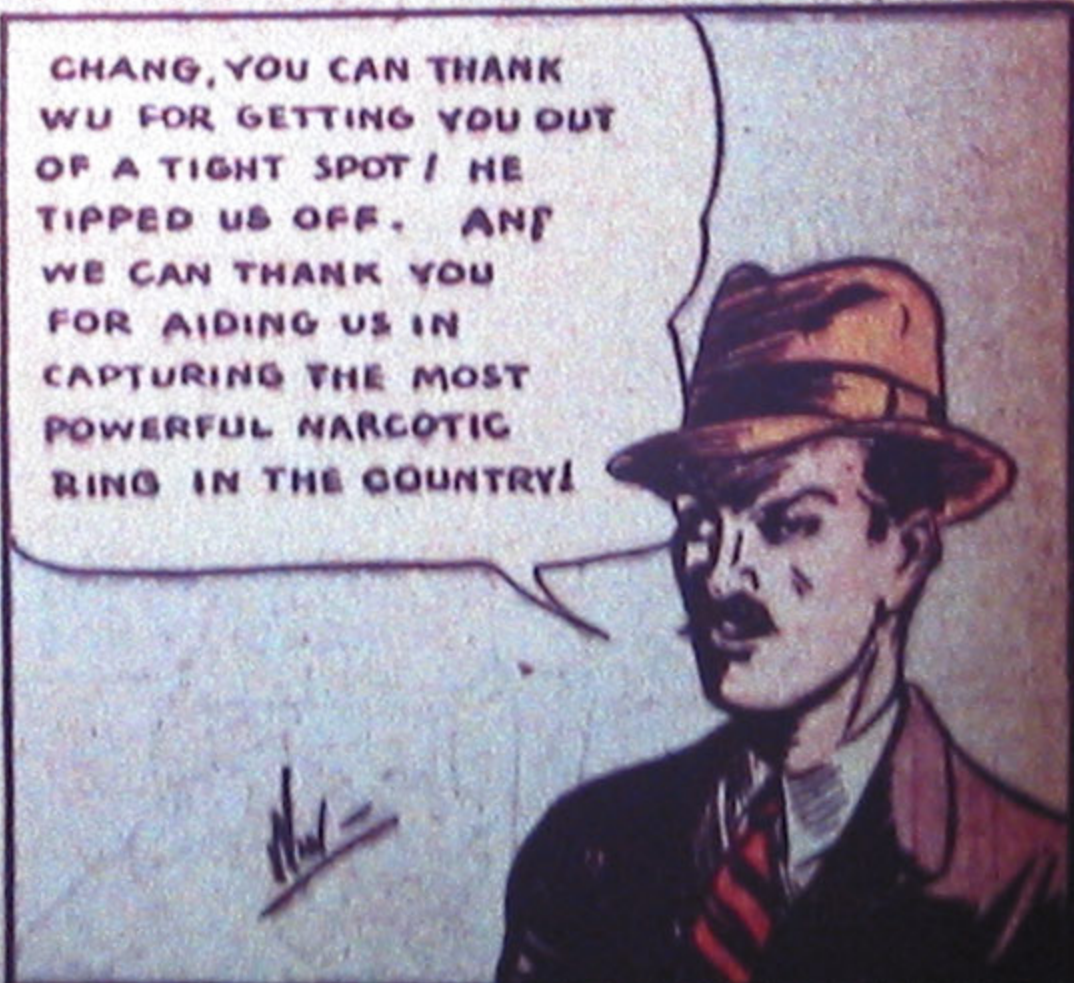
INSPECTOR DANIELS  
AND A SQUAD OF  
MEN BREAK IN -  
BRINGING THE BATTLE  
TO A CLIMAX -



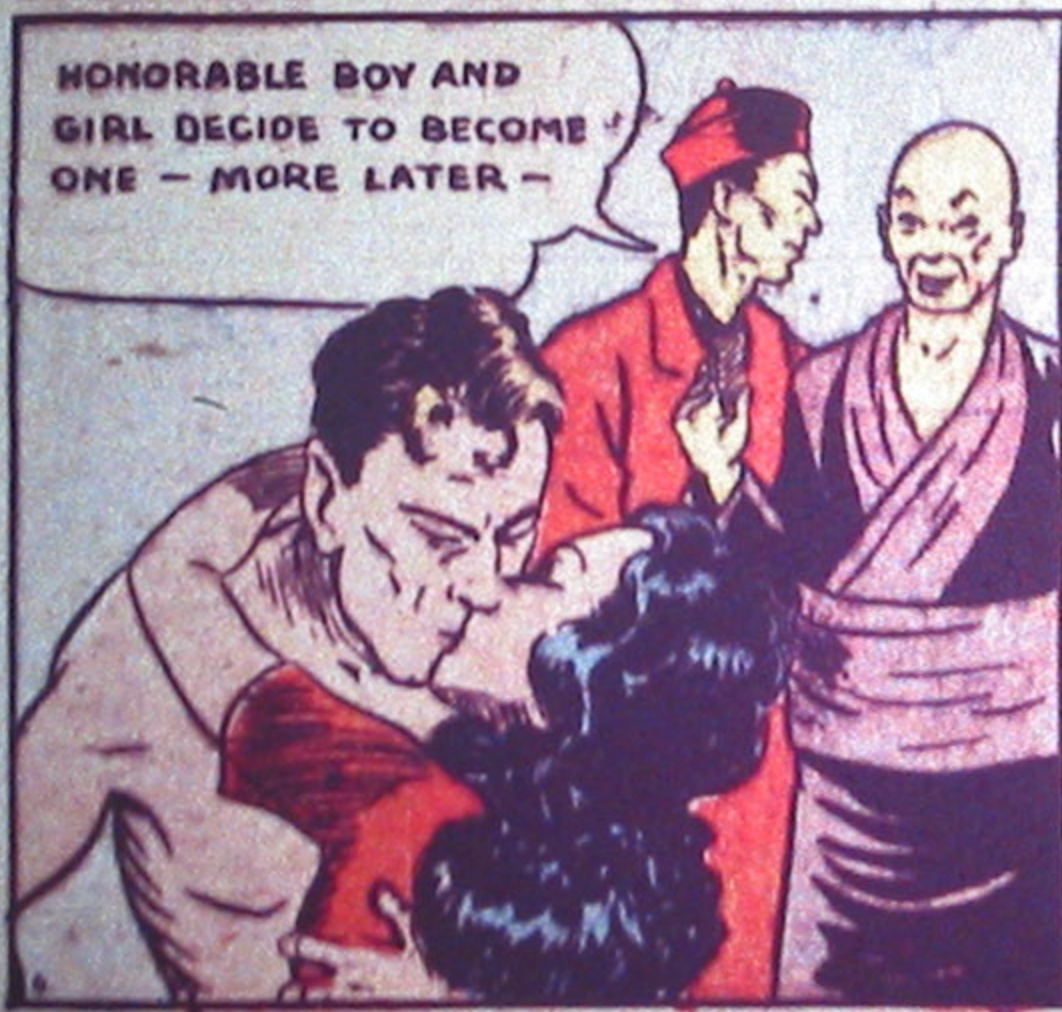
REACH FOR  
THE CEILING!  
THE PLACE IS  
COVERED INSIDE  
AND OUT!



CHANG, YOU CAN THANK  
WU FOR GETTING YOU OUT  
OF A TIGHT SPOT! HE  
TIPPED US OFF. AND  
WE CAN THANK YOU  
FOR AIDING US IN  
CAPTURING THE MOST  
POWERFUL NARCOTIC  
RING IN THE COUNTRY!



HONORABLE BOY AND  
GIRL DECIDE TO BECOME  
ONE - MORE LATER -



HONORABLE SERVANT  
IS INDEED HONORABLE  
SERVANT -  
ASSISTANCE IS NOT  
LIMITED TO FOUR WALLS  
OF HOUSEHOLD

SERVANT  
VELLY  
GLATEFUL  
FOR WORDS  
OF PRAISE  
FROM MASTA!

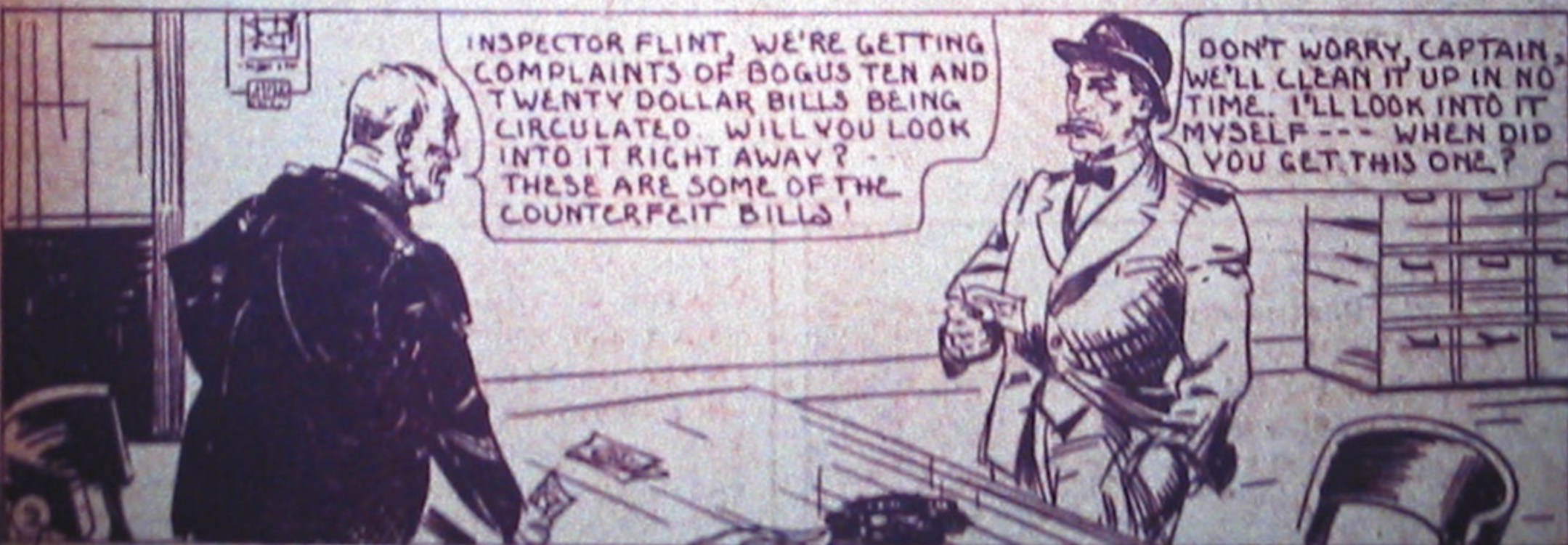


THE  
END



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



INSPECTOR FLINT, WE'RE GETTING COMPLAINTS OF BOGUS TEN AND TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS BEING CIRCULATED. WILL YOU LOOK INTO IT RIGHT AWAY? THESE ARE SOME OF THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS!

DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN, WE'LL CLEAN IT UP IN NO TIME. I'LL LOOK INTO IT MYSELF --- WHEN DID YOU GET THIS ONE?



IT WAS SENT OVER THIS MORNING FROM KNOW-LE'S DEPARTMENT STORE. THEY'VE CASHED SEVERAL THIS WEEK.

VERY CLEVERLY MADE, I'D SAY. IT'S QUITE PERFECT, LET'S TRY IT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE!



IT'S MADE BY AN EXPERT ALL RIGHT. NO ONE COULD DETECT THE DIFFERENCE WITH THE NAKED EYE!

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE WORK OF A NEW GANG



O.K. CHIEF! I'LL ROUND THEM UP IN SHORT ORDER!

GOOD LUCK, FLINT!



YOU SEE, INSPECTOR, WITH OUR VOLUME OF BUSINESS IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAIL OUR HUNDREDS OF DAILY CUSTOMERS

INSPECTOR FLINT QUESTIONS SEVERAL MERCHANTS AND CASHIERS BUT NO ONE CAN GIVE HIM ANY INFORMATION





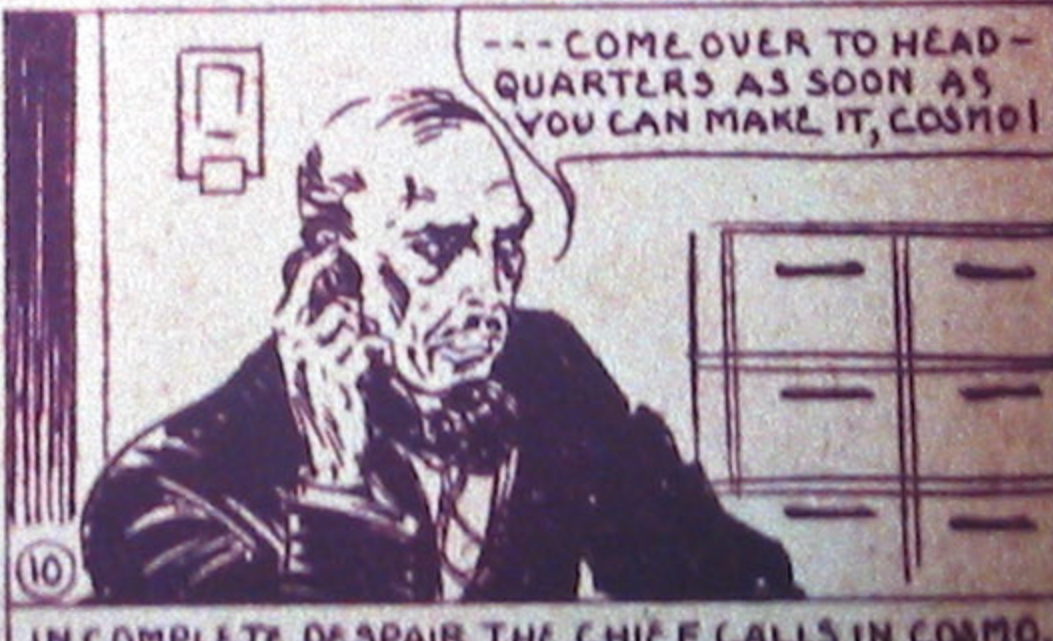
IN HIS OFFICE, INSPECTOR FLINT CHEWS HIS CIGAR IN DESPERATION AS HE FAILS TO MAKE ANY PROGRESS.



RELUCTANTLY, HE CALLS IN THE AID OF SEVERAL OTHER DETECTIVES.



WEEKS ELAPSE, WITH THE POLICE COMPLETELY BALKED.



IN COMPLETE DESPAIR THE CHIEF CALLS IN COSMO, A BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN WHO HAS SOLVED SOME OF THE MOST BAFFLING CRIMES.



THE CHIEF OF POLICE ACQUAINTS COSMO WITH THE CASE.



HAVE YOU ONE OF THE BILLS HANDY, CHIEF?



THIS BILL HAS A RATHER ODD ODOR, LIKE SOME SORT OF GREASE OR OIL --- IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN IT'S OLIVE OIL.



HAVE YOU ANOTHER BILL OF SOME DAYS BACK?



HM! THE SAME  
ODOR!



COSMO, I WISH YOU  
WOULD HELP ME TO  
SOLVE THIS AFFAIR.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL SEE. IF ANY-  
THING DEVELOPS I'LL GET  
IN TOUCH WITH YOU!



A WEEK LATER YOUNG BEN-  
SON OF THE POLICE DEPART-  
MENT, DETAILED TO ONE OF  
THE BIG STORES, SEES SOME-  
THING THAT AROUSES HIS  
SUSPICION.

AN ELDERLY MAN STOPS TO  
MAKE A PURCHASE AT THE TO-  
BACCO COUNTER AND TEN-  
DERS A TWENTY DOLLAR  
BILL TO THE CLERK.

IN THE JOSTLING OF THE  
CROWD, THE MAN'S HAT IS  
ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED OFF,  
DISCLOSING TO THE KEEN  
EYES OF THE DETECTIVE  
WHAT APPEARS TO BE A  
DISARRANGED FALSE WIG.



SENSING HIMSELF DETECTED, THE MAN ATTEMPTS A QUICK GET-  
AWAY THROUGH THE CROWDS.



BENSON, HOWEVER, CLINGS TO HIS TRAIL LIKE  
A BLOOD-HOUND.



HECTICALLY THE PURSUIT CONTINUES THROUGH THE  
STREETS AND TOWARD THE SHABBIER SECTION OF  
THE CITY.



THE DETECTIVE PRETENDS TO LOSE HIS MAN BY  
DIVING BEHIND A PARKED TRUCK, STILL KEEPING  
HIS QUARRY IN SIGHT.



THE DISGUISED MAN, APPARENTLY RELIEVED,  
STROLLS LEISURELY DOWN A DESOLATE SIDE STREET.





22 BENSON, GUARDEDLY CONTINUING HIS PURSUIT, SEES HIS MAN FURTIVELY SLIDE INTO THE SHADOW OF A LARGE STORAGE-BUILDING.



23 THE SLEUTH DRAWS CLOSER AND DISCOVERS A SMALL DOORWAY THROUGH WHICH HIS MAN MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED



24 GUN IN HAND THE DETECTIVE TIP-TOES IN, TO FIND HIMSELF IN A DARK STORE-ROOM FULL OF CRATES AND BARRELS



25 FAINTLY, HE HEARS THE FOOTSTEPS OF SOME ONE GOING UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. HE REMOVES HIS SHOES AND FOLLOWS THE SOUND.



26 AS HIS MAN COMES INTO SIGHT, BENSON LEVELS HIS GUN WITH A SHARP COMMAND TO STOP.



27 WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, THE MAN DARTS INTO A SMALLER ROOM, THE SLEUTH AT HIS HEELS



28 ABOUT TO GRAB HIS MAN, BENSON IS SENT BOWLING AS HE RUNS FULL TILT AGAINST A SLAMMED-SHUT IRON DOOR.





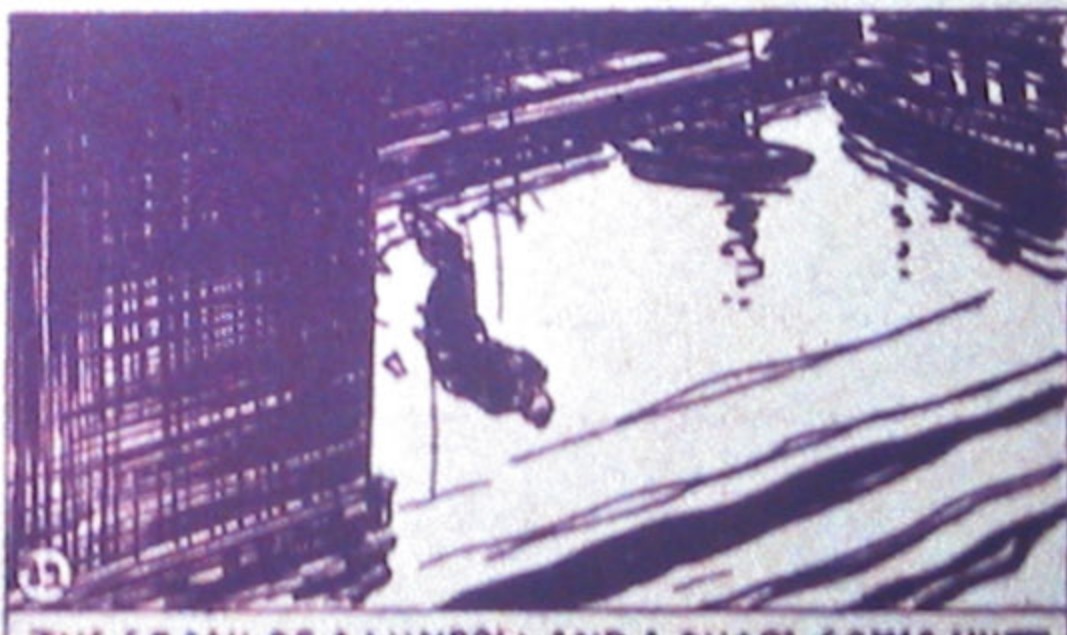
29 A SECOND "CLANG" OF A DOOR BEHIND HIM AND THE DETECTIVE IS CLEVERLY TRAPPED IN A PRISON OF STEEL AND BRICK.



30 AFTER AN INTERMINABLE TIME, SEVERAL ARMED VICIOUS-LOOKING MEN STREAK TOWARD THE CELL OF BENSON.



31 A SHORT BUT SHARP TUSSLE FOLLOWS, ENDING WITH THE DULL THUD OF A BODY.



32 THE CRASH OF A WINDOW AND A SHAPE COMES HURLING THROUGH THE AIR, TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE MURKY WATERS OF THE RIVER BELOW.



33 A FEW DAYS LATER THE TRUSSED AND BATTERED BODY OF BENSON IS DRAGGED FROM THE RIVER BY THE POLICE.



WHILE, AT THE WAREHOUSE OF BATINI IMPORTING COMPANY--



34 THERE IS GREAT ACTIVITY AS MEN ARE HURRYING BACK AND FORTH, CARRYING CASES OF OLIVE OIL, CHIEF PRODUCT OF THE BATINI IMPORTING COMPANY.



I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF TAKING ON MORE MEN, GIUSEPPE. IT ONLY ADDS TO THE DANGER OF GETTING CAUGHT.

THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I HIRED ONLY TWO MEN. ONE IS A COUSIN OF MINE AND THE OTHER IS AN OLD MAN.

35 IN A SMALL PRIVATE OFFICE, SITS A SWARTHY, COARSE-LOOKING MAN, TALKING TO AN ACCOMPLICE.



THESE ARE THE NEW FIFTY DOLLAR BILLS. IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO SEND THEM DOWNTOWN WITH THE OLD MAN YOU HIRED. NOBODY WILL EVER SUSPECT HIM.



THEY WALK BACK TO A SMALL INNER SHOP. SEVERAL MEN ARE AT WORK ABOUT A PRINTING PRESS.

HERE, OLD FELLOW, I WANT YOU TO TAKE THESE CASES OF 'OLIVE OIL' TO 18 LAKE STREET. ASK FOR TONY MORINI, NOBODY ELSE, SEE?



OH, SURE, MISTER. BATINI, I'LL FIND HIM ALRIGHT.

VERY WELL, BATINI. I'VE GOT YOU WHERE I WANT YOU. JUST KEEP YOUR ARMS HIGH WHILE I CALL THE POLICE.



O.K. CHIEF BRING A SQUAD TO PICK UP BATINI'S AND TONY MORINI'S GANG. I'VE GOT BATINI COVERED.



THIS IS THE GANG THAT KILLED BENSON.

BAH! THE OLD MAN IS CRAZY, CHIEF.



IF YOU'LL LOOK IN HIS POCKETS YOU'LL FIND HIS MAKEUP. THE OLIVE OIL CASES ARE STUPPED WITH COUNTERFEIT BILLS.



WHY, WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD FRIEND COSMO, ANY MORE, CHIEF? OUR GOOD FRIEND BATINI SHOULD KNOW THAT TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME OF DISGUISE.







# THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON



SECURELY BOUND AND GAGGED BY POWERFUL CHINAMEN, BRUCE NELSON IS LIFTED FROM THE FLOOR AND CARRIED —



2 THRU SOME SWINGING DOORS AND DOWN A LONG NARROW CORRIDOR.



3 THEY TURNED TO THE RIGHT AND WENT DOWN SOME STEPS INTO THE DANK ATMOSPHERE OF A CELLAR.



4 PRESENTLY HE FELT THE GENTLE BEAT OF RAIN AGAINST HIS CLOTHING AND SENSED THE FRESH AIR OF OUT-OF-DOORS.



5 HERE HIS CAPTORS PAUSED, PLACING HIM ON HIS FEET. HE HEARD THEM WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER IN CHINESE, SOME OF WHICH HE UNDERSTOOD.



SUDDENLY THEY FELL SILENT AND HE HEARD A NEW VOICE ISSUE SOME COMMAND.



HIS TWO CAPTORS SAT ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM. AT A MUTTERED WORD THE CAR LEAPED FORWARD.



HE FELT GUSTS OF COOL CLEAR AIR AND SURMISED THEY WERE NOW OUT IN THE COUNTRY.



THERE WAS A RUSH OF PATTENING FOOTSTEPS, THE GRIND OF GEARS, AND AS HE JERKED AT THE SILKEN COVER WHICH BOUND HIS HEAD HE HEARD THE CAR RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING IN THE DISTANCE.

THIS CONFOUNDED—!



ONCE AGAIN HE'S CARRIED INTO A NARROW ALLEY, AND SHOVED INTO THE REAR SEAT OF AN AUTOMOBILE.



THE CAR MOVED THRU HEAVY TRAFFIC, ROARED UNDER L'S SPUN OVER BRIDGES, GRADUALLY THE NOISE LESSENED AND THE SPEED OF THE CAR INCREASED.



AFTER ABOUT AN HOUR THE CAR STOPPED. STRONG HANDS LIFTED HIM OUT. SUDDENLY HE FELT THE ROPE ABOUT HIM SEVERED AND HIS ARMS AND LEGS WERE FREE.



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.  
—WELL! TO BETTER START  
HIKING, BUT WHICH WAY?







LET'S SEE, NEW YORK  
SHOULD BE THIS WAY. —  
HERE COMES A CAR.  
MAYBE I CAN BUM A RIDE.



HEY! — HE'S SPEEDING  
UP INSTEAD OF SLOWING  
DOWN. I MUST LOOK PRETTY  
TOUGH.



AFTER TWENTY OR THIRTY MINUTES STEADY  
WALKING, NELSON FINALLY SAW A LIGHT AHEAD AT  
THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

AT LAST! HABITATION.  
I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK  
I WAS IN THE LOST WORLD.

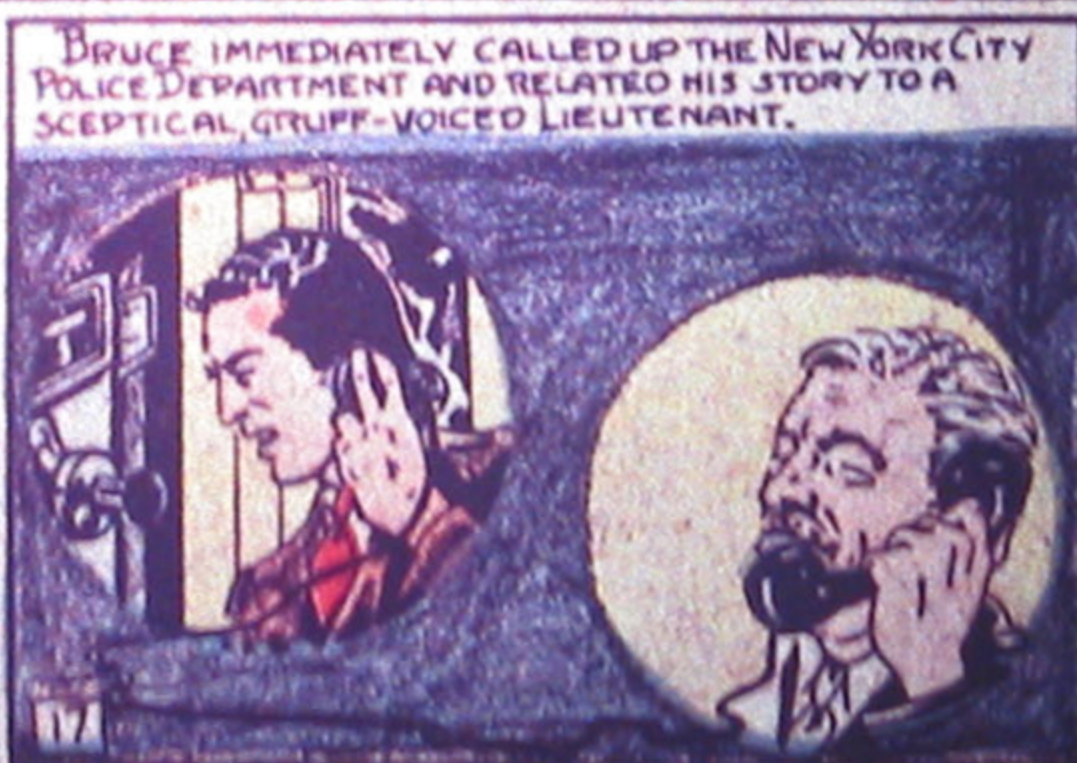


AN ALL NIGHT GAS STATION.  
THAT'S A BREAK.



SORTA NASTY NIGHT TO BE  
WALKIN' MISTER. WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? YOUR CAR BREAK DOWN?

NO, I'M WALKING  
BACK FROM AN  
AUTOMOBILE RIDE.  
MAY I USE YOUR  
PHONE?



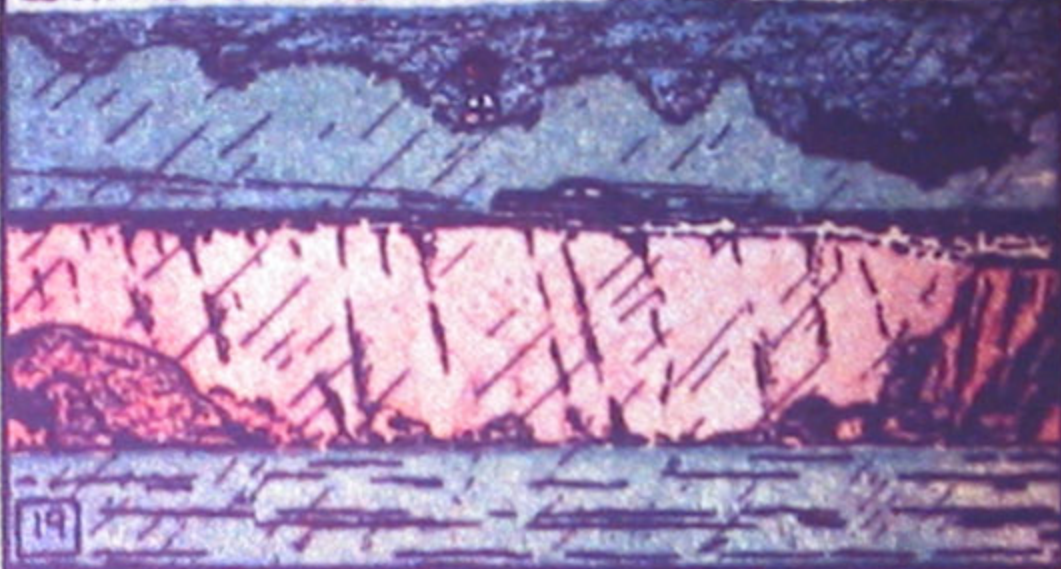
BRUCE IMMEDIATELY CALLED UP THE NEW YORK CITY  
POLICE DEPARTMENT AND RELATED HIS STORY TO A  
SCEPTICAL, GRUFF-VOICED LIEUTENANT.



O.K. I'LL CALL UP THE  
PRECINCT THE RED DRAGON  
RESTAURANT IS IN AND HAVE  
THE PLACE INVESTIGATED.



NELSON THEN CALLED A GARAGE IN NEARBY FLUSHING  
AND ORDERED A CAR SENT TO HIM. IN SHORT TIME THE CAR  
ARRIVED AND THEY STARTED BACK TOWARDS FLUSHING.  
REACHING THERE HE LET THE GARAGE MAN OUT AND  
CONTINUED ON TO NEW YORK.



BEFORE REPORTING TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS HE  
STOPPED BY THE RED DRAGON RESTAURANT AGAIN, FINDING  
A PLAINCLOTHES MAN AND TWO POLICEMEN GUARDING IT.



HE RESCUED HIS COAT AND HAT WHICH WERE STILL  
HANGING IN THE PASSAGEWAY AND THEN LOOKED OVER  
THE BUILDING WITH THE PLAINCLOTHES MAN.



I NEVER EXPECTED  
TO FIND THESE STILL  
HERE.

YEH,  
YOU'RE LUCKY.

SAY! THEY SURE CLEARED  
OUT COMPLETELY. NOTHING LEFT  
BUT THE UTENSILS AND DISHES  
IN THE KITCHEN.

YEP, THEY  
DIDN'T LEAVE  
A TRACE.





NELSON THEN DROVE DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS WHERE HE FOUND LIEUTENANT CASEY AND 2 PLAINCLOTHES MEN IN CONFERENCE OVER THE CASE.



LIEUTENANT CASEY?

THAT'S RIGHT, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M BRUCE NELSON.

24



WE DISCOVERED THE IDENTITY OF THOSE PEOPLE, NELSON. THEY'RE REGISTERED AT AN EXCLUSIVE UP TOWN HOTEL AS MR. ERICK VON HOLTZENDORFF AND DAUGHTER MISS SIGRID VON HOLTZENDORFF. THERE ISN'T ANY TRACE OF THE KIDNAPPERS YET THOUGH. THEY SEEM TO HAVE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY.



THE FATHER WAS SAID TO BE A WEALTHY RETIRED IMPORTER OF GERMAN BIRTH BUT OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

WHAT WAS THEIR HOTEL?



ON RECEIPT OF THIS INFORMATION TWO DETECTIVES IMMEDIATELY WENT TO THE HOTEL. NELSON ARRIVED IN TIME TO ACCOMPANY THEM WHILE THEY INTERVIEWED THE STAFF.



OF THE MEAGRE BIT OF INFORMATION GLEANED THE MOST IMPORTANT BIT CONCERNED A MR. JOSEPH STUCCHI, A FREQUENT VISITOR AND SEEN WITH THE VON HOLTZENDORFFS A HALF HOUR BEFORE THEIR VISIT TO THE RED DRAGON RESTAURANT.



IT WAS NOW 3 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND NELSON RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL AND TROUBLED DREAMS OF THE LOVELY SIGRID.





MORNING CAME AT LAST AND WITH IT THE MORNING EDITIONS WHICH CARRIED ALL THE NEWS OF THE HAPPENING.

HMM!—JOSEPH STUCCHI IS DOWN ON POLICE RECORDS UNDER A CHARGE OF LARCENY BUT NO CONVICTION WAS SECURED.  
—HMM!

IN PUZZLING OVER THE SITUATION THERE CAME BACK TO NELSON'S MEMORY THAT WHISPERED CONVERSATION AROUND HIM IN THE DARKNESS, IN WHICH THE CHINESE HAD SPOKEN OF THE HOUSE WITH THE GUARDED GATES.

THERE'S A CLUE, RIGHT THERE.

AND— HE CHECKED OUT OF HIS HOTEL ABOUT SEVEN O'CLOCK LAST EVENING.

I REMEMBER THEY ALSO SPOKE OF SCULPTURED LIONS ON THE GATE POSTS. I'M SURE THAT PLACE IS ON LONG ISLAND. BUT, LONG ISLAND'S A BIG PLACE AND WOULD TAKE A LOT OF TRAVELING TO COVER.

IDEA!

I'VE GOT IT!—A DIRECTORY—LONG ISLAND REAL ESTATE DEALERS—!

HE SPENT THE NEXT TWO HOURS CALLING UP VARIOUS REAL ESTATE DEALERS IN LONG ISLAND. THE RESULT WAS TO PRODUCE FOUR HOUSES WHICH FITTED THE DESCRIPTION, TWO ON THE NORTH SHORE AND TWO ON THE SOUTH SHORE.



PICKING UP HIS CAR AT THE GARAGE, NELSON HEADED FIRST FOR THE SOUTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.



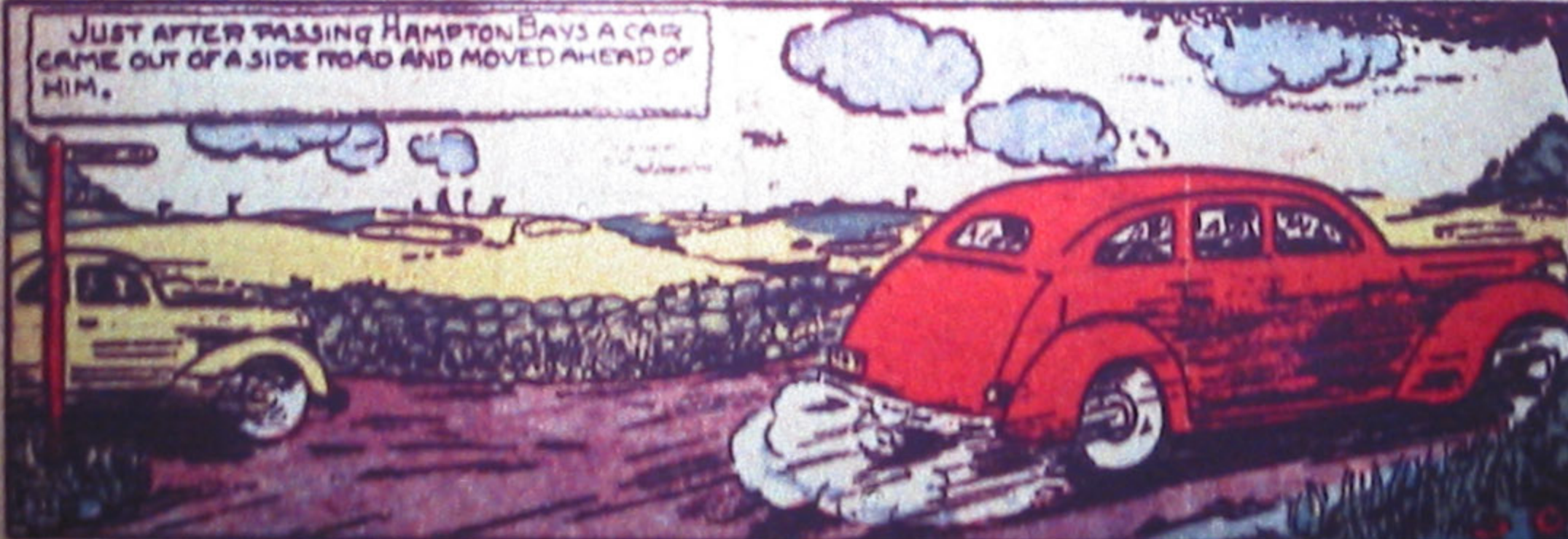
NOW TO SEE WHAT KIND OF AN AMATEUR SLEUTH I AM.

THE VISIT TO THE SOUTH SHORE HOUSES PROVED TO BE A TOTAL FLOP.



WELL, I'LL CUT ACROSS THE ISLAND TO THE NORTH SHORE. MAYBE MY LUCK WILL CHANGE.

JUST AFTER PASSING HAMPTON BAYS A CAR CAME OUT OF A SIDE ROAD AND MOVED AHEAD OF HIM.



THERE WAS ONE MAN IN THE REAR SEAT. THE BACK OF THE MAN'S HEAD AND THE SET OF HIS SHOULDERS LOOKED VAGUELY FAMILIAR TO NELSON.



HE PULLED UP DIRECTLY IN BACK OF THE SEDAN. JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE MAN TURNED AND NELSON LOOKED FULL INTO THE FACE OF THE TALL CHINESE WHO HAD WAITED UPON HIM AT THE RED DRAGON THE NIGHT BEFORE.



THE RECOGNITION WAS MUTUAL, FOR THE CHINESE LEANED FORWARD TO HIS CHAUFFEUR AND THE CAR SUDDENLY DREW AWAY AT A VASTLY INCREASED SPEED.

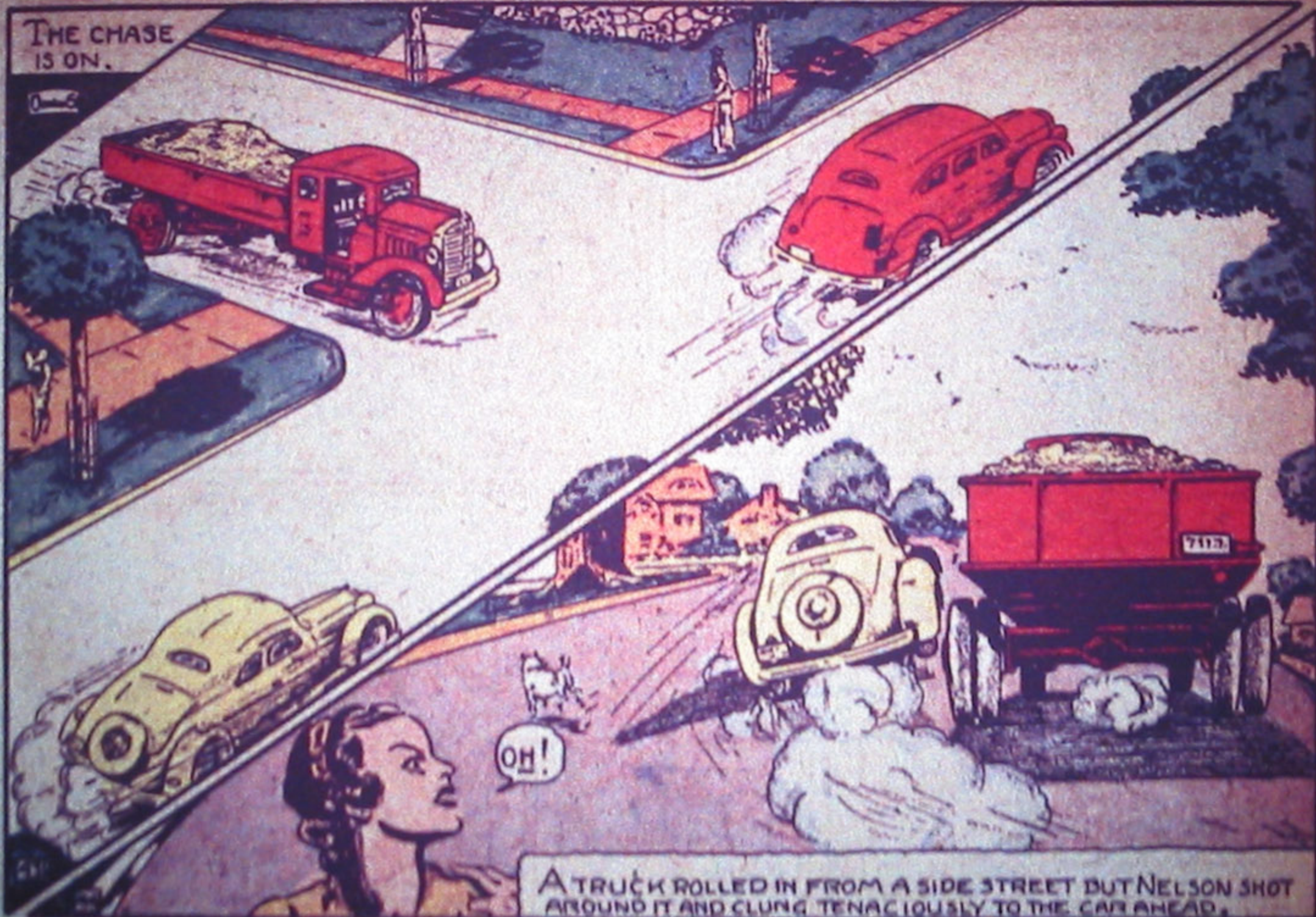


YOU JUMPED ME, FELLA, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO SHAKE ME.





THE CHASE  
IS ON.



THE ROAD TURNED JUST AHEAD AND THE SEDAN  
DISAPPEARED AROUND IT.



NELSON SWUNG AROUND THE CURVE. THERE WAS A LOUD EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER AND ANOTHER. HE JAMMED ON THE BRAKES...





THE CAR SAGGED AND CAREENED TO ONE SIDE OF THE ROAD, NEARLY UPSETTING.



THE TIRES WERE RIPPED TO PIECES BY A LITTER OF JAGGED GLASS, STREWN ALONG THE ROAD, EVIDENTLY EMPTY BOTTLES THROWN OUT OF THE FORWARD CAR.



HE FOUND HIMSELF NEAR A COUNTRY BUNGALOW AND HE HURRIED TO IT.



NELSON ASKED TO USE THE PHONE, THEN CALLED THE NEXT TOWN AHEAD, WARNING THEM OF THE SEDAN AND GIVING ITS NUMBER, ASKING THEM TO HOLD IT.



HE THEN CALLED A LOCAL GARAGE REQUESTING THAT FOUR NEW TIRES AND A MECHANIC BE SENT HIM.

YOU GOT OFF LUCKY. YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED.



AN ELDERLY WOMAN IN A KIMONO, EVIDENTLY JUST INTERRUPTED AT A HAIR WASHING, ANSWERED.

DON'T I KNOW IT! - THANKS, YOU DID A QUICK JOB.



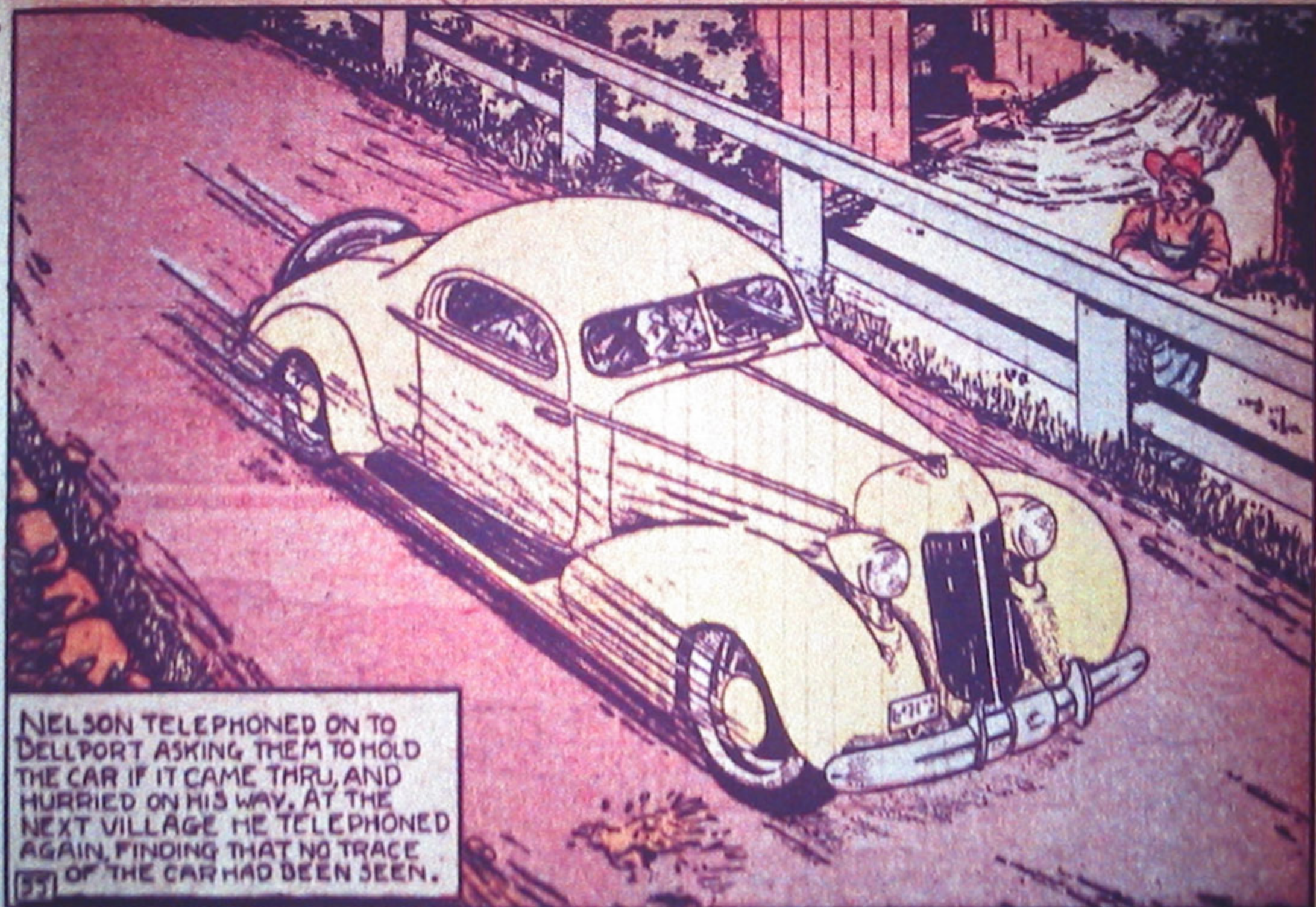
IT WAS NOT UNTIL HE GOT TO EASTPORT THAT HE HEARD NEWS OF THE SEDAN. IT HAD FLASHED THRU JUST AFTER RECEIPT OF HIS MESSAGE, GOING ON TOWARDS BELLPORT.

THEY MUST HAVE DUCKED UP A SIDE ROAD. I LOST THEM JUST AROUND A SHARP CURVE.

THAT'S TOUGH.







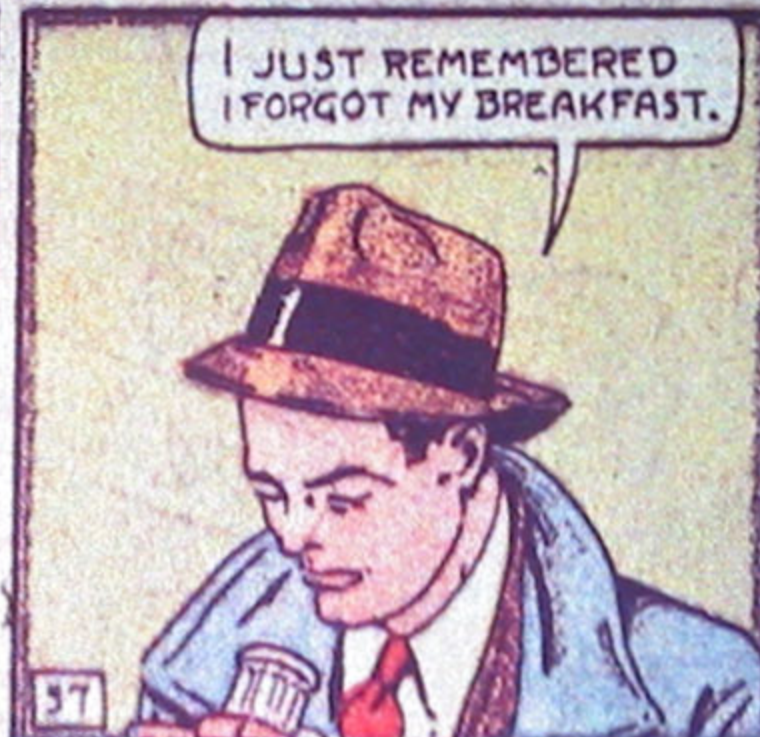
NELSON TELEPHONED ON TO DELLPORT ASKING THEM TO HOLD THE CAR IF IT CAME THRU, AND HURRIED ON HIS WAY. AT THE NEXT VILLAGE HE TELEPHONED AGAIN, FINDING THAT NO TRACE OF THE CAR HAD BEEN SEEN.



YEH, I SAW IT. THEY TURNED DOWN THAT SIDE ROAD UP THERE ON THE RIGHT, TOWARDS GREAT SOUTH BAY.

THANKS, JUST FOR THAT I'LL HAVE ONE YOUR BEST BOTTLES OF MILK.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN CENTER MORICHES AND MASTIC A MILKMAN REMEMBERED HAVING SEEN THE CAR.



I JUST REMEMBERED I FORGOT MY BREAKFAST.



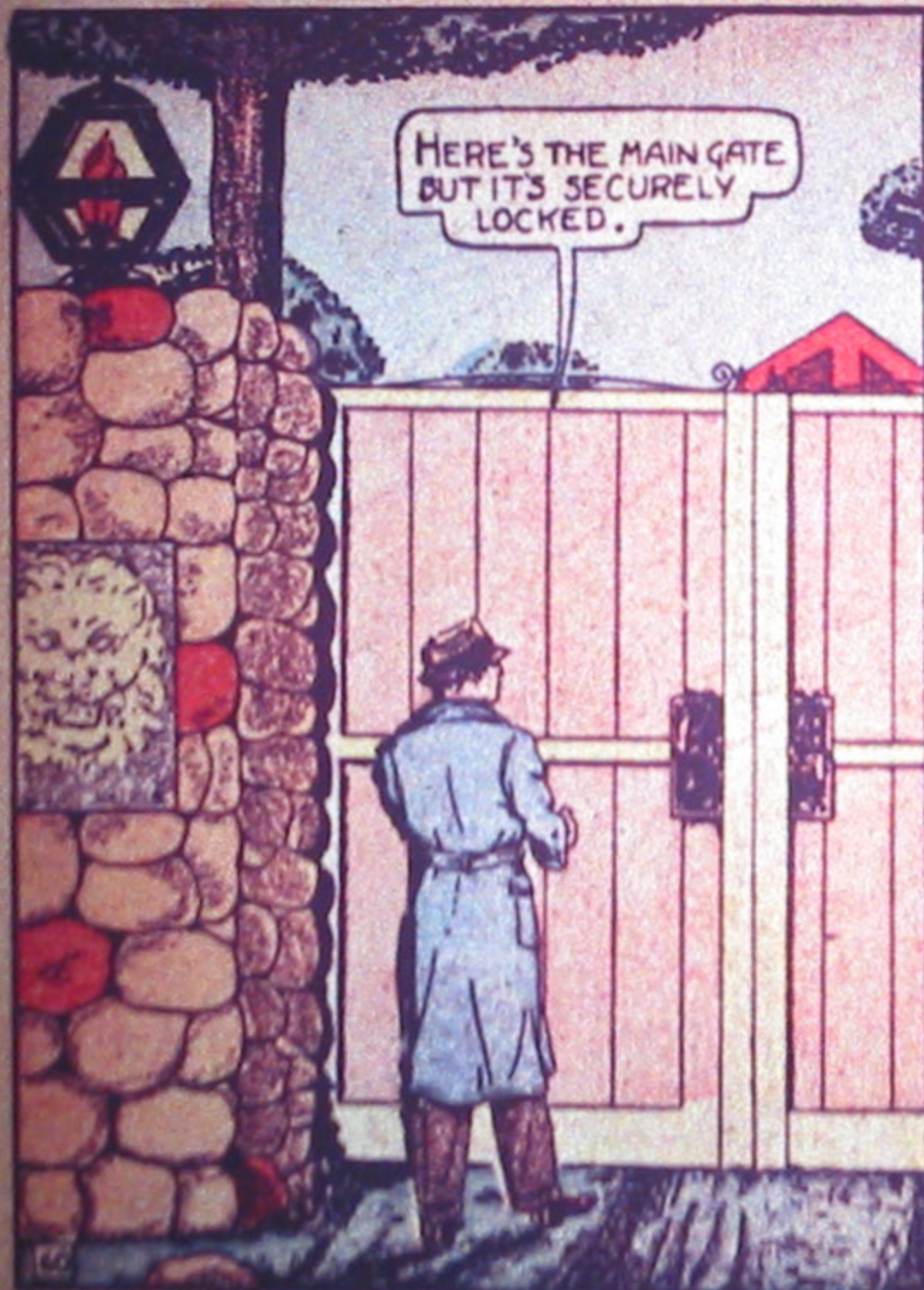
THIS IS THE SIDE ROAD AND IT SEEMS TO LEAD RIGHT DOWN TO THE SHOTTE.

NELSON CAME AT LAST TO A LONE HOUSE SET BACK AMIDST TREES ON THE SHORE. IT WAS WALLED IN AND THE GREAT GATEWAY WAS CLOSED. MOST IMPORTANT WERE THE SCULPTURED LIONS ON THE GATEPOSTS.



I'VE A HUNCH THIS IS THE PLACE.





THESE SEEM TO BE FRESH  
AUTOMOBILE TRACKS  
SO SOMEONE MUST HAVE  
ENTERED HERE LATELY.



THE NEXT GATE HE ENCOUNTERED  
LED TO THE BEACH, BUT THIS ALSO  
WAS BOLTED.

NOTHING DOING  
HERE EITHER.

SOMETHING'S FISHY AROUND THIS PLACE  
OR EVERYTHING WOULDN'T BE LOCKED  
SO TIGHTLY.

I'LL TRY THE FAR END  
OF THE PROPERTY.





GOING TO THE FAREND OF THE  
WALL NELSON FOUND ANOTHER  
GATE, EVIDENTLY A SERVICE

HE TRIED THIS. IT GAVE TO HIS  
PRESSURE—AND—  
WHY IT'S!—

HANDS UP!

HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO  
THE MUZZLE OF AN AUTOMATIC HELD  
BY A TALL, SALLOW-FACED WHITE MAN  
WITH A DARK MUSTACHE. (CONTINUED)

Tom  
Tickey



# SILLY STORIES

ARE YOU SURE YOU  
WERE **ROBBED**



HIM? THAT'S  
CLARINET RAMBLER—  
THE GUY WHO WRITES  
THOSE THRILLING, CHILLING  
MURDER MYSTERIES!



WE BELIEVE THAT  
YOU ARE THE  
MAN WHO KILLED  
COCK ROBIN!



ME?! THERE  
MUST BE SOME  
MISTAKE!

MISTAKE, EH?  
HOW COME?



WELL,  
YOU SEE...

I'M COCK ROBIN!



DON'T BE AFRAID TO **TALK**  
MR. SMYTHE — **TELL** ME  
EXACTLY HOW THIS HAPPENED!



SOMETHING TELLS  
ME THAT THIS  
CASE IS GOING  
TO BREAK SOON!





**At Racket**  
**FRAUD TRIAL**  
**MURDER**  
**RIOT**  
**Next Month:**  
**ALL** your favorite characters will come smashing, crashing through the headlines to you again in brand new and more thrilling adventures!  
**SLAM BRADLEY** goes to town! So does your friend Nelson in **CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON!** In fact — **EVERYBODY** goes to town in the May issue of  
**Detective COMICS**  
**St. Len Gems to Chil**  
**War on Gangs**

NEXT  
MONTH:

**A**LL your favorite characters will come smashing, crashing through the headlines to you again in brand new and more thrilling adventures!

**S**LAM BRADLEY goes to town! So does your friend Nelson in **CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON!** In fact—**EVERYBODY** goes to town in the May issue of

# Detective COMICS

[illegible]



# FACTORY TO YOU

## NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

# 10¢ A DAY

AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

### YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

We send you the Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.



**MONEY  
BACK  
GUARANTEE**

**10-DAY  
FREE TRIAL  
OFFER**

### Greatest Typewriter Bargain in 10 Years

The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet is a superb performance that literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifolded and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments.

Mail coupon today!

## FREE → TYPING COURSE

With your new Remington we will send you — absolutely FREE — a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.



## FREE → CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Model 8 a special carrying case sturdily built of 5-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere — on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay — send in the coupon for complete details.



**SPECIFICATIONS.** Standard 4-row keyboard. Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever designed for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two-color ribbon shift. Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Autoset paragraph key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter.) Weight, 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

**MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN.** Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form... helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.



**A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY.** If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or Graduation — one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come — give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a New Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.



### SEND COUPON WHILE LOW PRICES HOLD

REMINGTON RAND, INC., DEPT. 366-4

315 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and carrying case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me new illustrated catalogue.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

CLIP COUPON NOW...